



EIGHTEENTH CENTURY  
NOVELISTS

A SELECTION

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# EIGHTEENTH CENTURY NOVELISTS

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## PREFACE

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“What a genius! what a vigour! what a bright-eyed intelligence and observation!” wrote Thackeray of Fielding; and hosts of other critics and writers have paid their tribute not only to him but to the other writers represented here. But eighteenth-century novels are for various reasons closed books to school pupils. This selection aims at giving them at least a passing glimpse of such literary celebrities as Lovelace, Parson Adams, Squire Western and Partridge, Matt. Bramble, Lismahago, Yorick, Corporal Trim and Captain Shandy.

W. T. W.  
G. H. V.



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# INTRODUCTION

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When David Copperfield as a boy was feeling the influence of Mr. and Mrs. Murdstone upon him "like the fascination of two snakes on a wretched young bird", he used to escape to a little room upstairs where there were some old books of his father's. "From that blessed little room," he says, "*Roderick Random*, *Peregrine Pickle*, *Humphry Clinker*, *Tom Jones*, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, *Don Quixote*, *Gil Blas*, and *Robinson Crusoe* came out, a glorious host, to keep me company." That "glorious host", the companions of his despair and loneliness, were all, except *Don Quixote* and *Gil Blas*, the heroes of great English novels of the eighteenth century. It is in this passage that Charles Dickens admits his own debt to the pioneers of the novel. Their work, which so fired his young imagination, marked the beginning of a new form of writing that has held a high and important place in our language ever since.

But we must not imagine that at some time in the first half of the eighteenth century the novel as we understand it came into being suddenly, as it were, out of nothing. The stuff of which it was to be made was already there. These first novelists took it and moulded it into

**The Rise of the  
Novel: The  
Elizabethans.**

a new and original pattern of their own. We have only to think of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* and Malory's *Morte d'Arthur* to realize that story-telling, the art of narrative, was practised centuries before in both verse and prose. During Elizabethan times many authors, poets and dramatists for the most part, busied themselves with writing fanciful "romances" in the pastoral manner, their characters living the life of shepherds and shepherdesses in an idealized and often fantastic world. Thus Sir Philip Sidney wrote his *Arcadia*, Robert Greene his *Menaphon*, and Thomas Lodge his *Rosalynde*. And in contrast to these romances there were narratives of the adventures of a typical rogue or rascal, depicting the low society of the period both in England and on the Continent. The most famous of these was a book by Thomas Nashe, called *The Unfortunate Traveller, or the Life of Jack Wilton*, in which are described, with a great deal of vitality and humour, the escapades of an English page in his varied wanderings abroad. To such stories the term "picaresque" is often applied—a word derived from the Spanish "pícaro", which means a rogue. They were popular not only in England but also in Spain and France. Perhaps the best known of them all was *Gil Blas*—one of David Copperfield's little store—by the French writer Le Sage. This, however, was not completed till 1735; it is interesting to remember that Smollett translated it into English, and that it was the direct inspiration of his own novel *Roderick Random*.

By the end of the seventeenth century other elements of the novel were developing and taking shape in readi-

ness for the transforming genius of the masters who were to follow. Above all, prose, which up to that time had been burdened with Latinized syntax or ornamented with conceits and images, became more and more direct and simple, a vehicle for the expression of argument or narrative bearing upon the life of every day. In 1611 the Authorized Version of the Bible, though its beautiful style marked the perfection of the old rather than the beginning of the new, had set the example of simplicity. During the second half of the century men began to write prose with those qualities of naturalness and ease which are characteristic of it in modern English. Letters and diaries, biography and history, became a familiar and important part of literature; and with these a prose style developed that was suitable for the concise statement of facts and the description of the realities of life.

A Suitable  
Prose Style.

One great book belongs to this period, which was written by a man whom Kipling called:

“The Father of the novel,  
Salvation’s first Defoe.”

John Bunyan was its author, and the book was *The Pilgrim’s Progress*. It is not a novel, as we understand the term; for though its background is the familiar life that Bunyan knew, it is, as he said, an allegory written “in the similitude of a dream”. His characters were fixed beforehand; they are personifications of vices and virtues, not actually living men and women. Their journey, their adventures, are predestined; there is no real development of character,

Bunyan.



except perhaps in Christian himself. But narrative is there, and, in spite of the allegory, a realism of treatment that is emphasized by the simple prose which he had learnt from the Bible. In *The Pilgrim's Progress* we have the first great foreshadowing of the novel, if we have not the novel itself.

Two other familiar works of fiction stand with *The Pilgrim's Progress* as the heralds or forerunners of the true novel. One is Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe* and the other Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*. Perhaps the outstanding quality of both of them is realism. *Robinson Crusoe* was, indeed, inspired by the true story of the sailor Alexander Selkirk, who had been marooned for some months on the island of Juan Fernandez. But the genius of Defoe was to make the fiction of *Crusoe* as real as the fact of Selkirk. Swift had the same kind of genius in *Gulliver*. With an amazing attention to detail and a style of writing that persuades us by its very clearness and directness into believing the unbelievable, he makes Lilliput and Brobdingnag places that we might chance upon at any time in our own travels. Though the adventures of *Crusoe* are remote from normal experience and those of *Gulliver* belong to the realm of fantasy, we have the illusion that we are reading an account of the familiar matter-of-fact events of ordinary life. Both books have other qualities. They are fine stories, packed with incident. But it is that particular characteristic of realism which they, as well as *The Pilgrim's Progress*, passed on as a heritage to the true novel that came afterwards.

With Defoe we must associate another form of litera-

ture that had a powerful influence on the final shaping of the novel. Defoe was the first great English journalist. He used his sturdy and vigorous prose to narrate, and make his commentary upon, the daily news. It was, however, the publication of the *Spectator* by Addison and Steele in 1711-2 that gave to the novel its chief gift from journalism — characterization. "Characters", that is, brief and pithy descriptions of various types of men and women, had been a popular form of writing in the seventeenth century. But Addison and Steele went farther. Sir Roger de Coverley and his friends of the Spectator Club were more than types; they were real men in a real setting. With the addition of plot and a definite story the De Coverley essays might easily have developed into a novel.<sup>1</sup> Addison and Steele revealed, too, a quality in which Defoe was conspicuously lacking—a sense of humour; and they understood the art of making their characters appear real in themselves, not, as Defoe did, by the accumulation of a mass of minute and external detail that gave them the appearance of reality.

The Coverley  
Papers.

We now come to the novel proper, as it was written by the novelists represented in this book; and we have to ask ourselves what elements it contained beyond those that belonged to the various types of literature we have already mentioned. In other words, we have to determine what it is we look for in a novel as we now understand the term. We should think

Elements of  
the Novel.

<sup>1</sup> An English novelist, F. Frankfort Moore, has actually turned the De Coverley Essays into a novel, *Sir Roger's Heir*, by giving them continuity and a love interest.

first of a story and a plot as being essential—a beginning, a middle, and an end; to these we should add the interplay of the characters and their development with the action; we should expect some definite relation of the narrative to everyday life; and we should probably—though not necessarily—demand a love interest. “A novel,” said Smollett, “is a large diffused picture, comprehending the characters of life, disposed in different groups and exhibited in various attitudes, for the purposes of an uniform plan.” Professor Walter Raleigh has reminded us that when the great age of the drama came to an end after the Restoration the novel developed as a new form of literature holding “the mirror up to Nature”. “It is,” he says, “as if the novel were merely a play with its framework of stage directions expanded for the ease of the reader.” The drama of characters upon the stage, the mimic portrayal of life, was transferred from the theatre to the pages of an extended narrative of men and women in action. Those who, in the late seventeenth and early eighteenth century, had delighted not merely in seeing but also in reading plays, turned with enthusiasm to a new form which supplied such narrative links as are necessarily lacking in a play to be “read”. For that reason alone, Raleigh adds, the novel “was predestined to success”.

The chief of the earliest true novelists in English were Samuel Richardson, Henry Fielding, Tobias Smollett, and Laurence Sterne. They differed widely in their methods, their style of writing, their theme, and their purpose; but they had this in common, that they wrote fiction which did

**The First True  
English  
Novelists.**

not confine itself to outward or fantastic adventure, but went deeper, into the realm of motive, of sentiment, of behaviour and morality. The scene of their novels is no longer a desert island, a pastoral landscape, an imaginary country inhabited by beings outside human experience, but the homes and surroundings of ordinary people, the villages and towns of England, ships and the sea, the familiar roads, the inns, the common haunts of men. At the very beginning Richardson introduced into the novel the theme which has, in the main, dominated it ever since—the theme of love. For the first time real women—not the pastoral shepherdesses of Elizabethan romance—played an important part in the development of the plot. Pamela and Clarissa stand at the head of the long line of heroines in English fiction. And with the introduction of the love interest the story itself became vitalized. The characters were no longer types but real beings, having a life of their own, “for the purposes”, as Smollett said, “of an uniform plan”. To put it briefly, though these early novels differed from those that came after them in technique and style, they had all the characteristics which we have associated with the novel ever since they were written, nearly two hundred years ago.

We may gather from the extracts in this book something of the style and methods of each of the authors represented in it. Richardson, who when he was only thirteen years old wrote model love-letters for three young women of his acquaintance, told his story and analysed the heart of his heroines in a series of what sometimes seem to us interminable

Richardson  
and Fielding.

letters. His world was a very limited one, and he lacked the sense of humour to see that there was a strain of unreality in his characters and a touch of insincerity in the very sincerity of his moral purpose. It was through letters, too, that Smollett described the adventures of Humphry Clinker and revealed the characters of Matthew Bramble, Lismahago, Win Jenkins and others who people the pages of that delightful book. Fielding, however, who turned to novel writing in a kind of disgust at what he thought to be Richardson's sentimental moralizing, preferred the direct narrative, though he often, especially in *Tom Jones*, breaks it up with long essay-like digressions. *Joseph Andrews*, which was originally intended to be a burlesque of *Pamela*, was written (as the title page informs us) "in imitation of the manner of Cervantes, Author of *Don Quixote*". Fielding called it "a comic epic poem in prose"—a description which, as Saintsbury says, might be more fittingly applied to the vastness of *Tom Jones* with its humorous and turbulent world that was Fielding's long and mighty protest against cant and hypocrisy. Unlike Richardson, who created his characters out of his own mind, Fielding always "copied from the book of Nature"; and copied so successfully that, in the words of Hazlitt, "as a painter of real life he was equal to Hogarth".

In *Roderick Random* we have the development of the picaresque novel. It was written, Smollett himself said, in imitation of *Gil Blas*. But it goes beyond the old picaresque type, which concentrated on the life and adventures of its rascal "hero", in the delineation of the scenes in which the hero moved

Smollett and  
Sterne.

and the character of the men associated with him. Among other things, it is a marvellous picture-gallery of sailors, our first, and perhaps our greatest, novel of those who go down to the sea in ships. As for Sterne's *Tristram Shandy*, it stands alone in English. We can scarcely recognize it, with its continual digressions, its sudden asides, its slow movement, its tricks of style, as a novel at all. But in the remarkable maze of its chapters we meet a few characters, above all Corporal Trim and Captain Shandy, who are among the immortals.

We do not read these novels easily nowadays. They have a leisureliness, and often a length, that discourages us. Their scenes and their characters have become somewhat remote in time; their style seems tedious and digressive; the coarseness of the life they depict is frequently offensive to modern taste. But these extracts are enough to reveal to us something of that power which they exerted over David Copperfield, and to make us appreciate at least some chapters of them with something of his enthusiasm and admiration.

## SOME BIOGRAPHICAL DETAILS

SAMUEL RICHARDSON (1689–1761). Master printer. *Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded* (1740–1); *Clarissa Harlowe* (1747–8); *Sir Charles Grandison* (1753–4).

HENRY FIELDING (1707–54). Playwright, Author, and Barrister. His first novel, *Joseph Andrews* (1742), was probably begun as a parody on Richardson's *Pamela* (*Andrews*); *Jonathan Wild* (1743); *Tom Jones* (1749); *Amelia* (1751).

TOBIAS SMOLLETT (1721–71). Surgeon. Sailed as surgeon's mate in a man-of-war, and was at the attack on Cartagena. *Roderick Random* (1748) was partly based on his own experiences; *Peregrine Pickle* (1751); *Humphry Clinker* (1771). His book of *Travels in France and Italy* was written with so much sourness that Sterne nicknamed him "Smelfungus".

LAURENCE STERNE (1713–68). Clergyman. *Tristram Shandy* — in nine volumes — appeared at intervals (1760, 1761, 1765, 1767). His other famous work is a narrative of *A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy* (1768).

# CLARISSA HARLOWE

By SAMUEL RICHARDSON

This, the second of Richardson's novels, is usually regarded as his best. The story is told by means of letters written by the two chief characters, Clarissa, and Robert Lovelace (whose correspondent is his friend John Belford). Clarissa, a lady of good family, is wooed by Lovelace, a handsome but unscrupulous man of fashion. Despite his ill-reputation, Clarissa is attracted by him, and he succeeds in carrying her off, only to abuse the confidence she places in him. Eventually she pines to death with shame, and Lovelace is killed in a duel by her cousin, Colonel Morden. The account of the duel, which is given in the last letter of the following extract, is written by De la Tour, Lovelace's French valet.

## A DUEL

*Mr. Lovelace to William Morden, Esq.*

*Munich, Nov. 10.*

SIR, — I have heard, with a great deal of surprise, that you have thought fit to throw out some menacing expressions against me.

I should have been very glad that you had thought I had punishment enough in my own mind for the wrongs I have done to the most excellent of women;



and that it had been possible for two persons so ardently joining in one love (especially as I was desirous, to the utmost of my power, to repair those wrongs) to have lived, if not on amicable terms, in such a way as not to put either to the pain of hearing of threatenings thrown out in absence, which either ought to be despised for, if he had not spirit to take notice of them.

Now, sir, if what I have heard be owing only to warmth of temper, or to sudden passion, while the loss of all other losses the most deplorable to me was recent, I not only excuse but commend you for it. But if you are really determined to meet me on any other account (which, I own to you, is not however what I wish), it would be very blamable and very unworthy of the character I desire to maintain, as well with you as with every gentleman, to give you a difficulty in doing it.

Being uncertain when this letter may meet you, I shall set out to-morrow for Vienna; where any letter directed to the post-house in that city, or to Baron Windisgratz's (at the Favorita), to whom I have commendations, will come to hand.

Meantime, believing you to be a man too generous to make a wrong construction of what I am going to declare, and knowing the value which the dearest of all creatures had for you, and your relation to her, I will not scruple to assure you that the most acceptable return will be that Colonel Morden chooses to be upon an amicable, rather than upon any other footing, with

His sincere admirer, and humble servant,

R. LOVELACE.

*Mr. Lovelace to John Belford, Esq.*

*Linkö, Nov. 28.*

I am now on my way to Trent in order to meet Colonel Morden, in pursuance of his answer to my letter enclosed in my last. I had been at Pressburgh, and had intended to visit some other cities of Hungary: but having obliged myself to return first to Vienna, I there met with his letter, which follows:

*Munich, Nov. 21.*

SIR, — Your letter was at Florence four days before I arrived there.

That I might not appear unworthy of your favour, I set out for this city the very next morning. I knew not but that the politeness of this court might have engaged, beyond his intention, a gentleman who has only his pleasures to pursue.

But being disappointed in my hope of finding you here, it becomes me to acquaint you that I have such a desire to stand well in the opinion of a man of your spirit that I cannot hesitate a moment upon the option which I am sure Mr. Lovelace in my situation (thus called upon) would make.

I own, sir, that I have, on all occasions spoken of your treatment of my ever dear cousin as it deserved. It would have been very surprising if I had not. And it behoves me (now you have given me so noble an opportunity of explaining myself) to convince you that no words fell from my lips of you merely because you were absent. I acquaint you, therefore, that I will attend

your appointment; and would, were it to the farthest part of the globe.

I shall stay some days at this court; and if you please to direct for me at M. Klienfurt's in this city, whether I remain here or not, your commands will come safely and speedily to the hands of, sir,

Your most humble servant,

WM. MORDEN.

So you see, Belford, that the colonel, by his ready, his even eagerly expressed acceptance of the offered interview, *was determined*. And is it not much better to bring such a point as this to an issue than to give pain to friends for my safety, or continue in suspense myself; as I must do, if I imagined that another had aught against me?

This was my reply:

*Vienna, Nov. 25.*

SIR, — I have this moment the favour of yours. I will suspend a tour I was going to take into Hungary and instantly set out for Munich: and, if I find you not there, will proceed to Trent. This city, being on the confines of Italy, will be most convenient, as I presume, to you in your return to Tuscany; and I shall hope to meet you in it on the 3rd of December.

I shall bring with me only a French valet and an English footman. Other particulars may be adjusted when I have the honour to see you. Till when, I am, sir,

Your most obedient servant,

R. LOVELACE.

Now Jack, I have no manner of apprehension of the event of this meeting. And I think I may say he seeks me, not I him. And so let him take the consequence.

Doubt not, therefore, Jack, that I shall give a good account of this affair. Meantime, I remain

Yours most affectionately, etc.,

LOVELACE.

*Mr. Lovelace to John Belford, Esq.*

*Trent, Dec. 3.*

To-morrow is to be the day that will, in all probability, send either one or two ghosts to attend the manes of my Clarissa.

I arrived here yesterday; and inquiring for an English gentleman of the name of Morden, soon found out the colonel's lodgings. He had been in town two days, and left his name at every probable place.

He was gone to ride out; and I left my name and where to be found; and in the evening he made me a visit.

He was plaguy gloomy. That was not I. But yet he told me that I had acted like a man of true spirit in my first letter; and with honour, in giving him so readily this meeting. He wished I had in other respects; and then we might have seen each other upon better terms than now we did.

I said there was no recalling what was past; and that I wished some things had not been done, as well as he.

To recriminate now, he said, would be as exasperating as unavailable. And as I had so cheerfully given him

this opportunity, words should give place to business. Your choice, Mr. Lovelace, of time, of place, of weapon, shall be my choice.

The two latter be yours, Mr. Morden. The time to-morrow, or next day, as you please.

Next day, then, Mr. Lovelace; and we'll ride out to-morrow to fix the place.

Agreed, sir.

Well, now, Mr. Lovelace, do you choose the weapon.

I said I believed we might be upon an equal foot with the single rapier; but, if he thought otherwise, I had no objection to a pistol.

I will only say, replied he, that the chances may be more equal by the sword, because we can neither of us be to seek in that: and you would stand, says he, a worse chance, as I apprehend, with a pistol: and yet I have brought two, that you may take your choice of either: for, added he, I never missed a mark at pistol-distance since I knew how to hold a pistol.

I told him that he spoke like himself: that I was expert enough that way to embrace it if he chose it; though not so sure of my mark as he pretended to be. Yet the devil's in't, colonel, if I, who have slit a bullet in two upon a knife's edge, hit not my man. So I have no objection to a pistol, if it be your choice. No man, I'll venture to say, has a steadier hand or eye than I have.

They may both be of use to you, sir, at the sword, as well as at the pistol: the sword, therefore, be the thing, if you please.

With all my heart.

We parted with a solemn sort of ceremonious civility:

and this day I called upon him; and we rode out together to fix upon the place: and both being of one mind, and hating to put off for the morrow what could be done to-day, would have decided it then: but De la Tour, and the colonel's valet, who attended us, being unavoidably let into the secret, joined to beg we would have with us a surgeon from Brixen whom la Tour had fallen in with there, and who had told him he was to ride next morning to bleed a person in a fever at a lone cottage, which, by the surgeon's description, was not far from the place where we then were, if it were not that very cottage within sight of us.

They undertook so to manage it that the surgeon should know nothing of the matter till his assistance was called in. And la Tour being, as I assured the colonel, a ready contriving fellow (whom I ordered to obey him as myself, were the chance to be in his favour), we both agreed to defer the decision till to-morrow, and to leave the whole about the surgeon to the management of our two valets, enjoining them absolute secrecy; and so rode back again by different ways.

We fixed upon a little lone valley for the spot—ten to-morrow morning the time—and single rapier the sword. Yet I repeatedly told him that I valued myself so much upon my skill in that weapon that I would wish him to choose any other.

He said it was a gentleman's weapon; and he who understood it not wanted a qualification that he ought to suffer for not having: but that, as to him, one weapon was as good as another throughout all the instruments of offence.

So, Jack, you see I take no advantage of him: but my devil must deceive me if he take not his life or his death at my hands before eleven to-morrow morning.

His valet and mine are to be present; but both strictly enjoined to be impartial and inactive: and, in return for my civility of the like nature, he commanded *his* to be assisting to me if he fell.

We are to ride together thither, and to dismount when at the place; and his footman and mine are to wait at an appointed distance, with a chaise to carry off to the borders of the Venetian territories the survivor, if one drop; or to assist either or both, as occasion may demand.

And thus, Belford, is the matter settled.

A shower of rain has left me nothing else to do: and therefore I write this letter; though I might as well have deferred it till to-morrow twelve o'clock, when I doubt not to be able to write again, to assure you how much I am

Yours, etc.,

LOVELACE.

*Translation of a Letter from F. J. De la Tour to John Belford, Esq., near Soho Square, London*

*Trent, Dec. 18.*

SIR, — I have melancholy news to inform you of by order of the Chevalier Lovelace. He showed me his letter to you before he sealed it, signifying that he was to meet the Chevalier Morden on the 15th. Wherefore,

as the occasion of the meeting is so well known to you, I shall say nothing of it here.

I had taken care to have ready within a little distance a surgeon and his assistant, to whom, under an oath of secrecy, I had revealed the matter (though I did not own it to the two gentlemen); so that they were prepared with bandages, and all things proper. For well was I acquainted with the bravery and skill of my chevalier; and had heard the character of the other; and knew the animosity of both. A post-chaise was ready, with each of their footmen, at a little distance.

The two chevaliers came exactly at their time: they were attended by Monsieur Margate (the colonel's gentleman) and myself. They had given orders over night, and now repeated them in each other's presence, that we should observe a strict impartiality between them: and that, if one fell, each of us should look upon himself, as to any needful help or retreat, as the servant of the survivor, and take his commands accordingly.

After a few compliments, both the gentlemen, with the greatest presence of mind that I ever beheld in men, stripped to their shirts, and drew.

They parried with equal judgement several passes. My chevalier drew the first blood, making a desperate push, which, by a sudden turn of his antagonist, missed going clear through him, and wounded him on the fleshy part of the ribs of his right side; which part the sword tore out, being on the extremity of the body: but, before my chevalier could recover himself, the colonel in return pushed him into the inside of the left arm, near the shoulder: and the sword (raking his



breast as it passed) being followed by a great effusion of blood, the colonel said, "Sir, I believe you have enough."

My chevalier swore he was not hurt: 'twas a pin's point: and so made another pass at his antagonist, which he, with a surprising dexterity, received under his arm, and run my dear chevalier into the body; who immediately fell, saying, "The luck is yours, sir — Oh, my beloved Clarissa! — Now art thou ——" Inwardly he spoke three or four words more. His sword dropped from his hand. Mr. Morden threw his down, and ran to him, saying in French, "Ah, monsieur, you are a dead man! — Call to God for mercy!"

We gave the signal agreed upon to the footmen; and they to the surgeons, who instantly came up.

Colonel Morden, I found, was too well used to the bloody work; for he was as cool as if nothing extraordinary had happened, assisting the surgeons, though his own wound bled much. But my dear chevalier fainted away two or three times running, and vomited blood besides.

However, they stopped the bleeding for the present; and we helped him into the voiture; and then the colonel suffered his own wound to be dressed; and appeared concerned that my chevalier was between whiles (when he could speak and struggle) extremely outrageous. Poor gentleman! he had made quite sure of victory!

The colonel, against the surgeons' advice, would mount on horseback to pass into the Venetian territories; and generously gave me a purse of gold to pay

the surgeons; desiring me to make a present to the footman, and to accept of the remainder as a mark of his satisfaction in my conduct and in my care and tenderness of his master.

The surgeons told him that my chevalier could not live over the day.

When the colonel took leave of him, Mr. Lovelace said, "You have well revenged the dear creature."

"I have, sir," said Mr. Morden: "and perhaps shall be sorry that you called upon me to this work, while I was balancing whether to obey or disobey the dear angel."

"There is a fate in it!" replied my chevalier — "a cursed fate! — or this could not have been! But be ye all witnesses that I have provoked my destiny, and acknowledge my fall by a man of honour."

"Sir," said the colonel, with the piety of a confessor (wringing Mr. Lovelace's hand), "snatch these few fleeting moments, and commend yourself to God."

And so he rode off.

The voiture proceeded slowly with my chevalier; yet the motion set both his wounds bleeding afresh; and it was with difficulty they again stopped the blood.

We brought him alive to the nearest cottage; and he gave orders to me to dispatch to you the packet I herewith send sealed up; and bid me write to you the particulars of this most unhappy affair: and give you thanks, in his name, for all your favours and friendship to him.

Contrary to all expectation, he lived over the night: but suffered much, as well from his impatience and disappointment as from his wounds; for he seems very unwilling to die.

He was delirious at times in the two last hours; and then several times cried out, as if he had seen some frightful spectre, "Take her away! take her away!" but named nobody. And sometimes praised some lady (that Clarissa, I suppose, whom he had invoked when he had received his death wound), calling her, "Sweet Excellence! Divine Creature! Fair Sufferer!" And once he said, "Look down, Blessed Spirit, look down!" — and there stopped, his lips, however, moving.

At nine in the morning he was seized with convulsions, and fainted away; and it was a quarter of an hour before he came out of them.

His last few words I must not omit, as they show an ultimate composure; which may administer some consolation to his honourable friends.

"Blessed," said he, addressing himself no doubt to Heaven; for his dying eyes were lifted up. A strong convulsion prevented him for a few moments saying more, but recovering, he again with great fervour (lifting up his eyes and his spread hands) pronounced the word blessed. Then, in a seeming ejaculation, he spoke inwardly, so as not to be understood: at last, he distinctly pronounced these three words,

"Let this expiate!"

And then, his head sinking on his pillow, he expired, at about half an hour after ten.

Your most faithful and obedient servant,

F. J. DE LA TOUR.

# THE HISTORY OF THE ADVENTURES OF JOSEPH ANDREWS

By HENRY FIELDING

Richardson had written a novel in which Pamela Andrews, a modest young maidservant, resisted the attentions of her master. Fielding began this story of Joseph Andrews, her brother, as a parody of Richardson's story, with the positions reversed, for Joseph, the footman, is similarly exposed to temptations which, however, the model young man is able triumphantly to resist. The skit, however, is soon dropped, and Joseph falls somewhat into the background, yielding place to the real hero of the rest of the story — Parson Adams, a simple-minded, learned, honest, but eccentric clergyman. Fielding acknowledges his indebtedness to Cervantes for the conception of this character, for, like Don Quixote, Parson Adams was an idealist who found that the world of reality was a place full of hard knocks and repeated buffetings.

His interview with the boorish farmer-parson, Trulliber, is described in the following passage.

## PARSON ADAMS AND PARSON TRULLIBER

*An interview between Parson Adams and Parson Trulliber*

Parson Adams came to the house of Parson Trulliber, whom he found stripped into his waistcoat, with an apron on, and a pail in his hand, just come from serving his hogs; for Mr. Trulliber was a parson on Sundays, but all the other six might more properly be called a farmer. He occupied a small piece of land of his own, besides which he rented a considerable deal more. His wife milked his cows, managed his dairy and followed the markets with butter and eggs. The hogs fell chiefly to his care, which he carefully waited on at home, and attended to fairs; on which occasion he was liable to many jokes, his own size being with much ale rendered little inferior to that of the beasts he sold. He was indeed one of the largest men you should see, and could have acted the part of Sir John Falstaff without stuffing. Add to this, that the rotundity of his belly was considerably increased by the shortness of his stature, his shadow ascending very near as far in height when he lay on his back, as when he stood on his legs. His voice was loud and hoarse, and his accents extremely broad; to complete the whole, he had a stateliness in his gait, when he walked, not unlike that of a goose, only he stalked slower.

Mr. Trulliber, being informed that somebody wanted to speak with him, immediately slipped off his apron, and clothed himself in an old night-gown, being the dress

in which he always saw his company at home. His wife who informed him of Mr. Adams's arrival, had made a small mistake; for she had told her husband she believed there was a man come for some of his hogs. This supposition made Mr. Trulliber hasten with the utmost expedition to attend his guest. He no sooner saw Adams than not in the least doubting the cause of his errand to be what his wife had imagined, he told him he was come in very good time; that he expected a dealer that very afternoon; and added, they were all pure and fat, and upwards of twenty score a-piece. Adams answered he believed he did not know him. "Yes, yes," cried Trulliber, "I have seen you often at fair; why, we have dealt before now, mun, I warrant you. Yes, yes," cried he, "I remember thy face very well, but won't mention a word more till you have seen them, though I have never sold thee a flitch of such bacon as is now in the sty." Upon which he laid violent hands on Adams, and dragged him into the hog-sty, which was indeed but two steps from his parlour window. They were no sooner arrived there than he cried out, "Do but handle them; step in, friend; art welcome to handle them, whether dost buy or no." At which words, opening the gate, he pushed Adams into the pig-sty, insisting on it that he should handle them before he would talk one word with him.

Adams, whose natural complacence was beyond any artificial, was obliged to comply before he was suffered to explain himself; and, laying hold on one of their tails, the unruly beast gave such a sudden spring that he threw poor Adams all along in the mire. Trulliber,

instead of assisting him to get up, burst into a laughter, and entering the sty, said to Adams with some contempt, "Why, dost not know how to handle a hog?" and was going to lay hold of one himself; but Adams, who thought he had carried his complacency far enough, was no sooner on his legs than he escaped out of the reach of the animals, and cried out, "*Nihil habeo cum porcis*: I am a clergyman, Sir, and am not come to buy hogs." Trulliber answered he was sorry for the mistake, but that he must blame his wife; adding that she was a fool, and always committed blunders. He then desired him to walk in and clean himself; that he would only fasten up the sty and follow him. Adams desired leave to dry his great coat, wig and hat by the fire, which Trulliber granted. Mrs. Trulliber would have brought him a basin of water to wash his face, but her husband bid her be quiet like a fool as she was, or she would commit more blunders, and then directed Adams to the pump.

While Adams was thus employed, Trulliber, conceiving no great respect for the appearance of his guest, fastened the parlour door, and now conducted him into the kitchen; telling him, he believed a cup of drink would do him no harm, and whispered his wife to draw a little of the worst ale. After a short silence, Adams said, "I fancy, Sir, you already perceive me to be a clergyman." "Ay, ay," cried Trulliber grinning; "I perceive you have some cassock; I will not venture to caale it a whole one." Adams answered it was indeed none of the best; but he had the misfortune to tear it about ten years ago in passing over a stile. Mrs. Trulliber, returning with

the drink, told her husband she fancied the gentleman was a traveller, and that he would be glad to eat a bit. Trulliber bid her hold her impertinent tongue; and asked her if parsons used to travel without horses, adding, he supposed the gentleman had none by his having no boots on. "Yes, Sir, yes," says Adams, "I have a horse, but I have left him behind me." "I am glad to hear you have one," says Trulliber; "for I assure you I don't love to see clergymen on foot; it is not seemly nor suiting the dignity of the cloth." Here Trulliber made a long oration on the dignity of the cloth (or rather gown) not much worth relating, till his wife had spread the table and set a mess of porridge on it for his breakfast. He then said to Adams, "I don't know, Friend, how you came to caale on me; however, as you are here, if you think proper to eat a morsel, you may."

Adams accepted the invitation, and the two parsons sat down together, Mrs. Trulliber waiting behind her husband's chair, as was, it seems, her custom. Trulliber ate heartily, but scarce put any thing in his mouth without finding fault with his wife's cookery. All which the poor woman bore patiently. Indeed, she was so absolute an admirer of her husband's greatness and importance, of which she had frequent hints from his own mouth, that she almost carried her adoration to an opinion of his infallibility. To say the truth, the parson had exercised her more ways than one; and the pious woman had been so well edified by her husband's sermons that she had resolved to receive the bad things of this world together with the good. She



had indeed been at first a little contentious; but he had long since got the better, partly by her love for *this*, partly by her fear of *that*, partly by her religion, partly by the respect he paid himself, and partly by that which he received from the parish. She had, in short, absolutely submitted, and now worshipped her husband as Sarah did Abraham, calling him not lord but master. Whilst they were at table, her husband gave her a fresh example of his greatness; for as she had just delivered a cup of ale to Adams, he snatched it out of his hand, and crying out, "I caal'd vurst," swallowed down the ale. Adams denied it; it was referred to the wife, who, though her conscience was on the side of Adams, durst not give it against her husband. Upon which he said, "No, Sir, no, I should not have been so rude to have taken it from you, if you had caal'd vurst; but I'd have you know I'm a better man than to suffer the best he in the kingdom to drink before me in my own house, when I caale vurst."

As soon as their breakfast was ended, Adams began in the following manner: "I think, Sir, it is high time to inform you of the business of my embassy. I am a traveller, and am passing this way in company with two young people, a lad and a damsel, my parishioners, towards my own cure: we stopped at a house of hospitality in the parish, where they directed me to you, as having the cure—" "Though I am but a curate," says Trulliber, "I believe I am as warm<sup>1</sup> as the vicar himself, or perhaps the rector of the next parish too; I believe I could buy them both." "Sir," cries Adams, "I

<sup>1</sup> Wealthy.

rejoice thereat. Now, Sir, my business is, that we are by various accidents stripped of our money, and are not able to pay our reckoning, being seven shillings. I therefore request you to assist me with the loan of those seven shillings, and also seven shillings more, which peradventure I shall return to you; but if not, I am convinced you will joyfully embrace such an opportunity of laying up a treasure in a better place than any this world affords."

Suppose a stranger who entered the chambers of a lawyer, being imagined a client, when the lawyer was preparing his palm for the fee, should pull out a writ against him. Suppose an apothecary, at the door of a chariot containing some great doctor of eminent skill, should, instead of directions to a patient, present him with a potion for himself. Suppose a minister should, instead of a good round sum, treat my Lord —, or Sir —, or Esq. — with a good broomstick. Suppose a civil companion, or a led captain<sup>1</sup> should, instead of virtue, and honour, and beauty, and parts, and admiration, thunder vice and infamy, and ugliness, and folly, and contempt, in his patron's ears. Suppose when a tradesman first carries in his bill the man of fashion should pay it; or suppose, if he did so, the tradesman should abate what he had overcharged on the supposition of waiting. In short, — suppose what you will, you never can, nor will, suppose any thing equal to the astonishment which seized on Trulliber, as soon as Adams had ended his speech.

Awhile he rolled his eyes in silence, sometimes sur-

<sup>1</sup> Hanger-on.

veying Adams, then his wife, then casting them on the ground, then lifting them to heaven. At last, he burst forth in the following accents. "Sir, I believe I know where to lay up my little treasure as well as another; I thank God — if I am not so warm as some I am content; that is a blessing greater than riches; and he to whom that is given need ask no more. To be content with a little is greater than to possess the world, which a man may possess without being so. Lay up my treasure! what matters where a man's treasure is, whose heart is in the Scriptures? there is the treasure of a Christian." At these words the water ran from Adams's eyes; and catching Trulliber by the hand in a rapture, "Brother," says he, "Heaven bless the accident by which I came to see you; I would have walked many a mile to have communed with you, and, believe me, I will shortly pay you a second visit: but my friends, I fancy, by this time, wonder at my stay; so let me have the money immediately."

Trulliber then put on a stern look, and cried out, "Thou dost not intend to rob me?" At which the wife, bursting into tears, fell on her knees, and roared out, "O dear Sir, for Heaven's sake don't rob my master; we are but poor people." "Get up for a fool as thou art, and go about thy business," said Trulliber, "dost think the man will venture his life? He is a beggar, and no robber." "Very true, indeed," answered Adams. "I wish, with all my heart, the tithing-man was here," cried Trulliber, "I would have thee punished as a vagabond for thy impudence. Fourteen shillings indeed! I won't give thee a farthing. I believe thou

art no more a clergyman than the woman there," (pointing to his wife), "but if thou art, dost deserve to have thy gown stripped over thy shoulders, for running about the country in such a manner." "I forgive your suspicions," says Adams; "but suppose I am not a clergyman, I am nevertheless thy brother; and thou, as a Christian, much more as a clergyman, art obliged to relieve my distress." "Dost preach to me?" replied Trulliber, "dost pretend to instruct me in my duty?" "Ifacks,<sup>1</sup> a good story," cries Mrs. Trulliber, "to preach to my master." "Silence, woman," cries Trulliber; "I would have thee know, Friend" (addressing himself to Adams) "I shall not learn my duty from such as thee; I know what charity is, better than to give to vagabonds." "Besides, if we were inclined, the Poor's Rate obliges us to give so much charity," cries the wife. "Pugh! thou art a fool. Poor's Rate! Hold thy nonsense," answered Trulliber; and then, turning to Adams, he told him he would give him nothing. "I am sorry," answered Adams, "that you do know what charity is, since you practise it no better; I must tell you, if you trust to your knowledge for your justification, you will find yourself deceived, though you should add faith to it without good works." "Fellow," cries Trulliber, "dost thou speak against faith in my house? Get out of my doors! I will no longer remain under the same roof with a wretch who speaks wantonly of faith and the Scriptures." "Name not the Scriptures," says Adams. "How, not name the Scriptures! Do you disbelieve the Scriptures?" cries Trulliber.

<sup>1</sup> In faith.

"No, but you do," answered Adams, "if I may reason from your practice: for their commands are so explicit, and their rewards and punishments so immense, that it is impossible a man should steadfastly believe without obeying. Now, there is no command more express, no duty more frequently enjoined, than charity. Whoever therefore is void of charity, I make no scruple of pronouncing that he is no Christian." "I would not advise thee," (says Trulliber) "to say that I am no Christian; I won't take it of you: for I believe I am as good a man as thyself." And indeed, though he was now rather too corpulent for athletic exercises, he had in his youth been one of the best boxers and cudgel-players in the county. His wife, seeing him clench his fist, interposed, and begged him not to fight, but shew himself a true Christian, and take the law of him. As nothing could provoke Adams to strike but an absolute assault on himself or his friend, he smiled at the angry look and gestures of Trulliber; and telling him he was sorry to see such men in orders, departed without further ceremony.

## MAKING GAME OF PARSON ADAMS

Joseph Andrews, his sweetheart Fanny, and Parson Adams are on their travels when the following adventures occur. The interest of the passage lies mainly in the picture that it gives of country life in England in the eighteenth century, of the recreations and occupations of the squire and his household, and of the type of crude jest which was thought amusing at that time — with the inoffensive Parson Adams as the butt.

The hounds were now very little behind their poor reeling, staggering prey, which, fainting almost at every step, crawled through the wood, and had almost got round to the place where Fanny stood, when it was overtaken by its enemies; and, being driven out of the covert, was caught, and instantly torn to pieces before Fanny's face, who was unable to assist it with any aid more powerful than pity; nor could she prevail on Joseph, who had been himself a sportsman in his youth, to attempt anything contrary to the laws of hunting in favour of the hare, which he said was killed fairly.

The hare was caught within a yard or two of Adams, who lay asleep at some distance from the lovers; and the hounds in devouring it, and pulling it backwards and forwards, had drawn it so close to him, that some of them (by mistake perhaps for the hare's skin) laid hold of the skirts of his cassock; others at the same time applying their teeth to his wig, which he had with a handkerchief fastened to his head, began to pull him about; and had not the motion of his body had more effect on him than seemed to be wrought by the noise, they must certainly have tasted his flesh, which delicious flavour might have been fatal to him. But being roused by these tuggings, he instantly awaked, and with a jerk delivering his head from his wig, he with most admirable dexterity recovered his legs, which now seemed the only members he could entrust his safety to.

Having therefore escaped likewise from at least a third part of his cassock, which he willingly left as his *exuviae* or spoils to the enemy, he fled with the utmost speed he could summon to his assistance. Nor let this

be any detraction from the bravery of his character; let the number of the enemies, and the surprise in which he was taken, be considered; and if there be any modern so outrageously brave that he cannot admit of flight in any circumstance whatever, I say (but I whisper that softly, and I solemnly declare, without any intention of giving offence to any brave man in the nation) I say, or rather I whisper, that he is an ignorant fellow, and hath never read Homer, nor Virgil, nor knows he anything of Hector or Turnus; nay, he is unacquainted with the history of some great men living, who, though as brave as lions, ay, as tigers, have run away, the Lord knows how far, and the Lord knows why, to the surprise of their friends, and the entertainment of their enemies. But if persons of such heroic disposition are a little offended at the behaviour of Adams, we assure them they shall be as much pleased with what we shall immediately relate of Joseph Andrews.

The master of the pack was just arrived, or, as the sportsmen call it, come in, when Adams set out, as we have before mentioned. This gentleman was generally said to be a great lover of humour; but not to mince the matter, especially as we are upon this subject, he was a great hunter of men. Indeed he had hitherto followed the sport only with dogs of his own species; for he kept two or three couple of barking curs for that use only. However, as he thought he had now found a man nimble enough, he was willing to indulge himself with other sport, and accordingly crying out, stole away, and encouraged the hounds to pursue Mr. Adams, swearing it was the largest jack-hare he ever saw; at

the same time hallooing and hooping as if a conquered foe was flying before him.

No sooner did Joseph Andrews perceive the distress of his friend when first the quick-scenting dogs attacked him than he grasped his cudgel in his right hand, a cudgel which his father had of his grandfather, to whom a mighty strong man of Kent had given it for a present in that day when he broke three heads on the stage. It was a cudgel of mighty strength and wonderful art, made by one of Mr. Deard's best workmen, whom no other artificer can equal; and who hath made all those sticks which the beaus have lately walked with about the park in a morning. But this was far his masterpiece; on its head was engraved a nose and chin which might have been mistaken for a pair of nut-crackers. The learned have imagined it designed to represent the Gorgon: but it was in fact copied from the face of a certain long English Baronet of infinite wit, humour, and gravity.

No sooner had Joseph grasped his cudgel in his hands than lightning darted from his eyes; and the heroic youth, swift of foot, ran with the utmost speed to his friend's assistance. He overtook him just as Rockwood had laid hold of the skirt of his cassock, which being torn, hung to the ground; which Joseph no sooner perceived than he levelled his cudgel at his head, and laid him sprawling. Jowler and Ringwood then fell on his great-coat, and had undoubtedly brought him to the ground, had not Joseph, collecting all his force, given Jowler such a rap on the back that quitting his hold he ran howling over the plain. A harder fate re-



mained for thee, O Ringwood, Ringwood the best hound that ever pursued a hare, who never threw his tongue but where the scent was undoubtedly true; good at trailing; and sure in a highway, no babbler,<sup>1</sup> no over-runner, respected by the whole pack; for whenever he opened they knew the game was at hand. He fell by the stroke of Joseph. Thunder, and Plunder, and Wonder, and Blunder, were the next victims of his wrath, and measured their lengths on the ground. Then Fairmaid, a hound which Mr. John Temple had bred up in his house, and fed at his own table, and lately sent the squire fifty miles for a present, ran fiercely at Joseph, and bit him by the leg; no dog was ever fiercer than she, being descended from an Amazonian breed, and had worried bulls in her own country, but now waged an unequal fight; and had shared the fate of those we have mentioned before had not Diana (the reader may believe it or not as he pleases) in that instant interposed, and in the shape of the huntsman snatched her favourite up in her arms.

The parson now faced about, and with his crabstick felled many to the earth, and scattered others, till he was attacked by Cæsar, and pulled to the ground. Then Joseph flew to his rescue, and with such might fell on the victor, that, O eternal blot to his name! Cæsar ran yelping away.

The battle now raged with the most dreadful violence when lo! the huntsman, a man of years and dignity, lifted his voice, and called his hounds from the fight; telling them, in a language they understood, that it

<sup>1</sup> A hound that gives tongue too freely.

was in vain to contend longer; for that fate had decreed the victory to their enemies.

The squire and his companions, whom the figure of Adams, and the gallantry of Joseph, had at first thrown into a violent fit of laughter, and who had hitherto beheld the engagement with more delight than any chase, shooting-match, race, cock-fighting, bull- or bear-baiting had ever given them, began now to apprehend the danger of their hounds, many of which lay sprawling in the fields. The squire therefore having first called his friends about him, as guards for safety of his person, rode manfully up to the combatants, and summoning all the terror he was master of into his countenance, demanded with an authoritative voice of Joseph what he meant by assaulting his dogs in that manner. Joseph answered with great intrepidity that they had first fallen on his friend; and if they had belonged to the greatest man in the kingdom, he would have treated them in the same way; for whilst his veins contained a single drop of blood, he would not stand idly by, and see that gentleman (pointing to Adams) abused either by man or beast; and having so said, both he and Adams brandished their wooden weapons, and put themselves into such a posture that the squire and his company thought proper to preponderate before they offered to revenge the cause of their four-footed allies.

At this instant Fanny, whom the apprehension of Joseph's danger had alarmed so much that, forgetting her own, she had made the utmost expedition, came up. The squire and all the horsemen were so surprised

with her beauty, that they immediately fixed both their eyes and thoughts solely on her, every one declaring he had never seen so charming a creature. Neither mirth nor anger engaged them a moment longer; but all sat in silent amaze. The huntsman only was free from her attraction, who was busy in cutting the ears of the dogs, and endeavouring to recover them to life; in which he succeeded so well, that only two of no great note remained slaughtered on the field of action. Upon this the huntsman declared, 'twas well it was no worse; for his part he could not blame the gentleman, and wondered his master would encourage the dogs to hunt Christians; that it was the surest way to spoil them, to make them follow vermin instead of sticking to a hare.

The squire, being informed of the little mischief that had been done, and perhaps having more mischief of another kind in his head, accosted Mr. Adams with a more favourable aspect than before. He told him he was sorry for what had happened; that he had endeavoured all he could to prevent it the moment he was acquainted with his cloth, and greatly commended the courage of his servant; for so he imagined Joseph to be. He then invited Mr. Adams to dinner, and desired the young woman might come with him. Adams refused a long while; but the invitation was repeated with so much earnestness and courtesy that at length he was forced to accept it. His wig and hat and other spoils of the field being gathered together by Joseph (for otherwise probably they would have been forgotten), he put himself into the best order he could; and then the horse and foot moved forward in the same

pace towards the squire's house, which stood at a very little distance.

Whilst they were on the road, the lovely Fanny attracted the eyes of all. They endeavoured to outvie one another in encomiums on her beauty; which the reader will pardon my not relating, as they had not anything new or uncommon in them: so must he likewise my not setting down the many curious jests which were made on Adams; some of them declaring that parson-hunting was the best sport in the world; others commending his standing at bay, which they said he had done as well as any badger; with such like merriment, which, though it would ill become the dignity of this history, afforded much laughter and diversion to the squire and his facetious companions.

. . . . .  
They arrived at the squire's house just as his dinner was ready. A little dispute arose on the account of Fanny, whom the squire, who was a bachelor, was desirous to place at his own table; but she would not consent, nor would Mr. Adams permit her to be parted from Joseph: so that she was at length with him consigned over to the kitchen, where the servants were ordered to make him drunk; a favour which was likewise intended for Adams.

It may not be improper, before we proceed farther, to open a little the character of this gentleman, and that of his friends. The master of this house then was a man of a very considerable fortune; a bachelor, as we have said, and about forty years of age: he had been educated (if we may here use that expression) in

the country, and at his own home, under the care of his mother, and a tutor who had orders never to correct him, nor to compel him to learn more than he liked, which it seems was very little, and that only in his childhood; for from the age of fifteen he addicted himself entirely to hunting and other rural amusements, for which his mother took care to equip him with horses, hounds, and all other necessities: and his tutor, endeavouring to ingratiate himself with his young pupil, who would, he knew, be able handsomely to provide for him, became his companion, not only at these exercises, but likewise over a bottle, which the young squire had a very early relish for.

At the age of twenty, his mother began to think she had not fulfilled the duty of a parent; she therefore resolved to persuade her son, if possible, to that which she imagined would well supply all that he might have learned at a public school or university. This is what they commonly call travelling; which, with the help of the tutor who was fixed on to attend him, she easily succeeded in. He made in three years the tour of Europe, as they term it, and returned home well furnished with French clothes, phrases and servants, with a hearty contempt for his own country; especially what had any savour of the plain spirit and honesty of our ancestors.

His mother greatly applauded herself at his return; and now being master of his own fortune, he soon procured himself a seat in Parliament, and was in the common opinion one of the finest gentlemen of his age: but what distinguished him chiefly was a strange

delight which he took in everything which is ridiculous, odious, and absurd in his own species; so that he never chose a companion without one or more of these ingredients, and those who were marked by nature in the most eminent degree with them were most his favourites: if he ever found a man who either had not, or endeavoured to conceal, these imperfections, he took great pleasure in inventing methods of forcing him into absurdities which were not natural to him, or in drawing forth and exposing those that were; for which purpose he was always provided with a set of fellows whom we have before called curs; and who did indeed no great honour to the canine kind. Their business was to hunt out and display everything that had any savour of the above-mentioned qualities, and especially in the gravest and best characters: but if they failed in their search, they were to turn even virtue and wisdom themselves into ridicule for the diversion of their master and feeder. The gentlemen of curlike disposition who were now at his house, and whom he had brought with him from London, were an old half-pay officer, a player, a dull poet, a quack-doctor, a scraping fiddler, and a lame German dancing-master.

As soon as dinner was served, while Mr. Adams was saying grace, the captain conveyed his chair from behind him; so that when he endeavoured to seat himself, he fell down on the ground; and this completed joke the first, to the great entertainment of the whole company. The second joke was performed by the poet, who sat next him on the other side, and took an opportunity, while poor Adams was respectfully drinking to

the master of the house, to overturn a plate of soup into his breeches; which, with the many apologies he made, and the parson's gentle answers, caused much mirth in the company. Joke the third was served up by one of the waiting-men, who had been ordered to convey a quantity of gin into Mr. Adams's ale, which he declaring to be the best liquor he ever drank, but rather too rich of the malt, contributed again to their laughter.

Mr. Adams, from whom we had most of this relation, could not recollect all the jests of this kind practised on him, which the inoffensive disposition of his own heart made him slow in discovering; and indeed, had it not been for the information which we received from a servant of the family, this part of our history, which we take to be none of the least curious, must have been deplorably imperfect; though we must own it probable that some more jokes were (as they call it) cracked during their dinner; but we have by no means been able to come at the knowledge of them. When dinner was removed, the poet began to repeat some verses, which he said were made extempore. The following is a copy of them, procured with the greatest difficulty:

*An extempore Poem on Parson Adams*

Did ever Mortal such a Parson view;  
His Cassock old, his Wig not over-new?  
Well might the Hounds have him for Fox mistaken,  
In Smell more like to that than rusty Bacon.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "All hounds that will hunt fox or other vermin will hunt a piece of rusty bacon trailed on the ground."

But would it not make any Mortal stare,  
To see this Parson taken for a Hare?  
Could Phœbus err thus grossly, even he  
For a good Player might have taken thee.

At which words the bard whipped off the player's wig, and received the approbation of the company, rather perhaps for the dexterity of his hand than his head. The player, instead of retorting the jest on the poet, began to display his talents on the same subject. He repeated many scraps of wit out of plays, reflecting on the whole body of the clergy, which were received with great acclamations by all present.

It was now the dancing-master's turn to exhibit his talents; he therefore, addressing himself to Adams in broken English, told him he was a man "ver well made for de dance, and he suppose by his walk dat he had learn of some great master." He said it was "ver pretty quality in clergyman to dance"; and concluded with desiring him to dance a minuet, telling him his cassock would serve for petticoats; and that he would himself be his partner. At which words, without waiting for an answer, he pulled out his gloves, and the fiddler was preparing his fiddle. The company all offered the dancing-master wagers that the parson outdanced him, which he refused, saying, he believed so too; for he had never seen any man in his life who looked "de dance so well as de gentleman". He then stepped forwards to take Adams by the hand, which the latter hastily withdrew, and at the same time, clenching his fist, advised him not to carry the jest too far, for he



would not endure being put upon. The dancing-master no sooner saw the fist than he prudently retired out of its reach, and stood aloof mimicking Adams, whose eyes were fixed on him, not guessing what he was at, but to avoid his laying hold on him, which he had once attempted. In the meanwhile, the captain perceiving an opportunity, pinned a cracker or devil to the cassock, and then lighted it with their little smoking-candle. Adams, being a stranger to this sport, and believing he had been blown up in reality, started from his chair, and jumped about the room, to the infinite joy of the beholders, who declared he was the best dancer in the universe.

As soon as the devil had done tormenting him, and he had a little recovered his confusion, he returned to the table, standing up in the posture of one who intended to make a speech. They all cried out, "Hear him, hear him!" and he then spoke in the following manner: "Sir, I am sorry to see one to whom Providence hath been so bountiful in bestowing his favours make so ill and ungrateful a return for them; for though you have not insulted me yourself, it is visible you have delighted in those that do it, nor have once discouraged the many rudenesses which have been shewn towards me; indeed towards yourself, if you rightly understood them; for I am your guest, and by the laws of hospitality entitled to your protection. One gentleman hath thought proper to produce some poetry upon me, of which I shall only say that I had rather be the subject than the composer. He hath pleased to treat me with disrespect as a parson. I apprehend my order is not the object of scorn, nor that I can become so, unless by

being a disgrace to it, which I hope poverty will never be called.

“Another gentleman indeed hath repeated some sentences where the order itself is mentioned with contempt. He says they are taken from plays. I am sure such plays are a scandal to the government which permits them, and cursed will be the nation where they are represented. How others have treated me, I need not observe; they themselves, when they reflect, must allow the behaviour to be as improper to my years as to my cloth. You found me, sir, travelling with two of my parishioners (I omit your hounds falling on me; for I have quite forgiven it, whether it proceeded from the wantonness or negligence of the huntsman). My appearance might very well persuade you that your invitation was an act of charity, though in reality we were well provided; yes, sir, if we had had an hundred miles to travel, we had sufficient to bear our expenses in a noble manner.” (At which words he produced the half-guinea which was found in the basket.)

“I do not show you this out of ostentation of riches, but to convince you I speak truth. Your seating me at your table was an honour which I did not ambitiously affect. When I was here, I endeavoured to behave towards you with the utmost respect; if I have failed, it was not with design; nor could I, certainly, so far be guilty as to deserve the insults I have suffered. If they were meant therefore either to my order or my poverty (and you see I am not very poor) the shame doth not lie at my door, and I heartily pray that the sin may be averted from yours.”

He thus finished, and received a general clap from the whole company. Then the gentleman of the house told him he was sorry for what had happened; that he could not accuse him of any share in it: that the verses were, as himself had well observed, so bad that he might easily answer them; and for the serpent, it was undoubtedly a very great affront done him by the dancing-master, for which, if he well thrashed him, as he deserved, the gentleman said he should be very much pleased to see it (in which probably he spoke truth).

Adams answered that whoever had done it, it was not his profession to punish him that way; but for the person whom he had accused, "I am a witness," says he, "of his innocence; for I had my eye on him all the while. Whoever he was, God forgive him, and bestow on him a little more sense as well as humanity." The captain answered with a surly look and accent that he hoped he did not mean to reflect on him; he had as much imanity<sup>1</sup> as another, and if any man said he had not, he would convince him of his mistake by cutting his throat. Adams, smiling, said he believed he had spoke right by accident. To which the captain returned, "What do you mean by my speaking right? If you was not a parson, I would not take these words; but your gown protects you. If any man who wears a sword had said so much, I had pulled him by the nose before this." Adams replied that if he attempted any rudeness to his person, he would not find any protection for himself in his gown; and clenching his fist, declared

<sup>1</sup> Humanity.

he had thrashed many a stouter man. The gentleman did all he could to encourage this warlike disposition in Adams, and was in hopes to have produced a battle: but he was disappointed; for the captain made no other answer than, "It is very well you are a parson"; and so drinking off a bumper to old Mother Church, ended the dispute.

Then the doctor, who had hitherto been silent, and who was the gravest, but most mischievous dog of all, in a very pompous speech highly applauded what Adams had said; and as much discommended the behaviour to him. He proceeded to encomiums on the Church and poverty; and lastly recommended forgiveness of what had passed to Adams, who immediately answered that everything was forgiven; and in the warmth of his goodness he filled a bumper of strong beer (a liquor he preferred to wine), and drank a health to the whole company, shaking the captain and the poet heartily by the hand, and addressing himself with great respect to the doctor; who indeed had not laughed outwardly at anything that passed, as he had a perfect command of his muscles, and could laugh inwardly without betraying the least symptoms in his countenance.

The doctor now began a second formal speech, in which he declaimed against all levity of conversation, and what is usually called mirth. He said there were amusements fitted for persons of all ages and degrees, from the rattle to the discussing a point of philosophy, and that men discovered themselves in nothing more than in the choice of their amusements; "for," says he, "as it must greatly raise our expectation of the future

conduct in life of boys, whom in their tender years we perceive instead of taw<sup>1</sup> or balls, or other childish playthings, to choose, at their leisure hours, to exercise their genius in contentions of wit, learning, and such like; so must it inspire one with equal contempt of a man, if we should discover him playing at taw or other childish play." Adams highly commended the doctor's opinion, and said he had often wondered at some passages in ancient authors, where Scipio, Lælius, and other great men, were represented to have passed many hours in amusements of the most trifling kind. The doctor replied that he had by him an old Greek manuscript where a favourite diversion of Socrates was recorded. "Ay," says the parson eagerly, "I should be most infinitely obliged to you for the favour of perusing it."

The doctor promised to send it him, and farther said, that he believed he could describe it. "I think," says he, "as near as I can remember, it was this. There was a throne erected, on one side of which sat a king, and on the other a queen, with their guards and attendants ranged on both sides; to them was introduced an ambassador, which part Socrates always used to perform himself; and when he was led up to the footsteps of the throne, he addressed himself to the monarchs in some grave speech, full of virtue and goodness, and morality, and such like. After which, he was seated between the king and queen, and royally entertained. This I think was the chief part. — Perhaps I may have forgot some particulars; for it is long since I read it."

<sup>1</sup> Game of marbles.

Adams said it was indeed a diversion worthy the relaxation of so great a man; and thought something resembling it should be instituted among our great men, instead of cards and other idle pastime, in which he was informed they trifled away too much of their lives. He added that the Christian religion was a nobler subject for these speeches than any Socrates could have invented. The gentleman of the house approved what Mr. Adams said, and declared he was resolved to perform the ceremony this very evening. To which the doctor objected, as no one was prepared with a speech, "unless," said he (turning to Adams with a gravity of countenance which would have deceived a more knowing man) "you have a sermon about you, Doctor."

"Sir," says Adams, "I never travel without one, for fear what may happen." He was easily prevailed on by his worthy friend, as he now called the doctor, to undertake the part of an ambassador; so that the gentleman sent immediate orders to have the throne erected; which was performed before they had drank two bottles: and perhaps the reader will hereafter have no great reason to admire the nimbleness of the servants. Indeed, to confess the truth, the throne was no more than this; there was a great tub of water provided, on each side of which were placed two stools raised higher than the surface of the tub, and over the whole was laid a blanket. On these stools were placed the king and queen, namely, the master of the house, and the captain. And now the ambassador was introduced, between the poet and the doctor, who, having read his sermon to

the great entertainment of all present, was led up to his place, and seated between their majesties.

They immediately rose up, when the blanket, wanting its supports at either end, gave way, and soused Adams over head and ears in the water. The captain made his escape, but unluckily the gentleman himself not being as nimble as he ought, Adams caught hold of him before he descended from his throne, and pulled him in with him, to the entire secret satisfaction of all the company. Adams, after ducking the squire twice or thrice, leapt out of the tub, and looked sharp for the doctor, whom he would certainly have conveyed to the same place of honour; but he had wisely withdrawn. He then searched for his crabstick, and having found that, as well as his fellow-travellers, he declared he would not stay a moment longer in such a house. He then departed, without taking leave of his host, whom he had exacted a more severe revenge on than he intended: for as he did not use sufficient care to dry himself in time, he caught a cold by the accident, which threw him into a fever, that had like to have cost him his life.

# THE HISTORY OF TOM JONES

By HENRY FIELDING

This story is usually regarded as the greatest of Fielding's works. Tom Jones, the hero, is an infant of unknown parents—a "foundling", discovered mysteriously in the household of Mr. Allworthy, a wealthy and charitable squire, who brings the boy up in his own home. Tom is a boy of open and manly spirit, but often falls into wrong-doing. In sharp contrast to his disposition is that of his companion, the unpleasant Blifil, whose conduct is always marked by hypocrisy and meanness. The education of the two boys is in the hands of a pedant named Thwackum, who lives up to his name whenever the opportunity offers. Blifil, however, makes it his business to ingratiate himself with his schoolmaster, while the more honest Tom only succeeds in incurring the wrong-headed pedagogue's enmity. The following extract describes one of Tom's escapades.

## TOM AND THE GAMEKEEPER

As we determined, when we first sat down to write this history, to flatter no man, but to guide our pen throughout by the directions of truth, we are obliged to bring our hero on the stage in a much more dis-



advantageous manner than we could wish; and to declare honestly, even at his first appearance, that it was the universal opinion of all Mr. Allworthy's family that he was certainly born to be hanged.

Indeed, I am sorry to say there was too much reason for this conjecture, the lad having from his earliest years discovered a propensity to many vices, and especially to one which hath as direct a tendency as any other to that fate which we have just now observed to have been prophetically denounced against him: he had been already convicted of three robberies, viz. of robbing an orchard, of stealing a duck out of a farmer's yard, and of picking Master Blifil's pocket of a ball.

The vices of this young man were, moreover, heightened by the disadvantageous light in which they appeared when opposed to the virtues of Master Blifil, his companion—a youth of so different a cast from little Jones, that not only the family but all the neighbourhood resounded his praises. He was, indeed, a lad of a remarkable disposition; sober, discreet, and pious beyond his age—qualities which gained him the love of everyone who knew him: while Tom Jones was universally disliked; and many expressed their wonder that Mr. Allworthy would suffer such a lad to be educated with his nephew, lest the morals of the latter should be corrupted by his example.

An incident which happened about this time will set the characters of these two lads more fairly before the discerning reader than is in the power of the longest dissertation.

Tom Jones, who, bad as he is, must serve for the hero of this history, had only one friend among all the servants of the family. This friend was the gamekeeper, a fellow of a loose kind of disposition, and who was thought not to entertain much stricter notions concerning the difference of *meum* and *tuum* than the young gentleman himself. And hence this friendship gave occasion to many sarcastical remarks among the domestics, most of which were either proverbs before, or at least are become so now; and, indeed, the wit of them all may be comprised in that short Latin proverb, "*Noscitur a socio*"; which, I think, is thus expressed in English, "You may know him by the company he keeps."

To say the truth, some of that atrocious wickedness in Jones, of which we have just mentioned three examples, might perhaps be derived from the encouragement he had received from this fellow, who, in two or three instances, had been what the law calls an accessory after the fact: for the whole duck, and great part of the apples, were converted to the use of the gamekeeper and his family; though, as Jones alone was discovered, the poor lad bore not only the whole smart, but the whole blame; both which fell again to his lot on the following occasion.

Contiguous to Mr. Allworthy's estate was the manor of one of those gentlemen who are called preservers of the game. This species of men, from the great severity with which they revenge the death of a hare or partridge, might be thought to cultivate the same superstition with the Bannians in India — many of whom, we are told, dedicate their whole lives to the preservation and

protection of certain animals — were it not that our English Bannians,<sup>1</sup> while they preserve them from other enemies, will most unmercifully slaughter whole horse-loads themselves, so that they stand clearly acquitted of any such heathenish superstition.

I have, indeed, a much better opinion of this kind of men than is entertained by some, as I take them to answer the order of Nature, and the good purposes for which they were ordained, in a more ample manner than many others. Now, as Horace tells us that there are a set of human beings

“*Fruges consumere nati*,”

“Born to consume the fruits of the earth”; so I make no manner of doubt but that there are others

“*Feras consumere nati*,”

“Born to consume the beasts of the field”; or, as it is commonly called, the game; and none, I believe, will deny but that those squires fulfil this end of their creation.

Little Jones went one day a-shooting with the game-keeper, when, happening to spring a covey of partridges near the border of that manor over which Fortune, to fulfil the wise purposes of Nature, had planted one of the game consumers, the birds flew into it, and were marked (as it is called) by the two sportsmen, in some furze bushes, about two or three hundred paces beyond Mr. Allworthy’s dominions.

<sup>1</sup>Banian (banyan): Hindu merchant who lived on vegetarian diet. British sailors called those days on which there was no ration of meat “banyan days”. Compare also “banyan hospital”, a slang term for a hospital for animals.

Mr. Allworthy had given the fellow strict orders, on pain of forfeiting his place, never to trespass on any of his neighbours; no more on those who were less rigid in this matter than on the lord of this manor. With regard to others, indeed, these orders had not been always very scrupulously kept; but as the disposition of the gentleman with whom the partridges had taken sanctuary was well known, the gamekeeper had never yet attempted to invade his territories. Nor had he done it now, had not the younger sportsman, who was excessively eager to pursue the flying game, overpersuaded him; but Jones being very importunate, the other, who was himself keen enough after the sport, yielded to his persuasions, entered the manor, and shot one of the partridges.

The gentleman himself was at that time on horseback, at a little distance from them; and hearing the gun go off, he immediately made towards the place, and discovered poor Tom; for the gamekeeper had leaped into the thickest part of the furze-brake, where he had happily concealed himself.

The gentleman, having searched the lad and found the partridge upon him, denounced great vengeance, swearing he would acquaint Mr. Allworthy. He was as good as his word, for he rode immediately to his house, and complained of the trespass on his manor in as high terms and as bitter language as if his house had been broken open, and the most valuable furniture stolen out of it. He added that some other person was in his company, though he could not discover him; for that two guns had been discharged almost in the same

instant. "And," says he, "we have found only this partridge, but the Lord knows what mischief they have done."

At his return home, Tom was presently convened before Mr. Allworthy. He owned the fact and alleged no other excuse but what was really true, viz. that the covey was originally sprung in Mr. Allworthy's own manor.

Tom was then interrogated who was with him, which Mr. Allworthy declared he was resolved to know, acquainting the culprit with the circumstance of the two guns, which had been deposed by the squire and both his servants; but Tom stoutly persisted in asserting that he was alone. Yet, to say the truth, he hesitated a little at first, which would have confirmed Mr. Allworthy's belief had what the squire and his servants said wanted any further confirmation.

The gamekeeper, being a suspected person, was now sent for, and the question put to him; but he, relying on the promise which Tom had made him to take all upon himself, very resolutely denied being in company with the young gentleman, or indeed having seen him the whole afternoon.

Mr. Allworthy then turned towards Tom with more than usual anger in his countenance, and advised him to confess who was with him, repeating that he was resolved to know. The lad, however, still maintained his resolution, and was dismissed with much wrath by Mr. Allworthy, who told him he should have to the next morning to consider of it, when he should be questioned by another person, and in another manner.

Poor Jones spent a very melancholy night, and the more so as he was without his usual companion, for Master Blifil was gone abroad on a visit with his mother. Fear of the punishment he was to suffer was on this occasion his least evil, his chief anxiety being lest his constancy should fail him, and he should be brought to betray the gamekeeper, whose ruin he knew must now be the consequence.

Nor did the gamekeeper pass his time much better. He had the same apprehensions with the youth, for whose honour he had likewise a much tenderer regard than for his skin.

In the morning, when Tom attended the reverend Mr. Thwackum, the person to whom Mr. Allworthy had committed the instruction of the two boys, he had the same questions put to him by that gentleman which he had been asked the evening before, to which he returned the same answers. The consequence of this was so severe a whipping that it possibly fell little short of the torture with which confessions are in some countries extorted from criminals.

Tom bore his punishment with great resolution, and though his master asked him, between every stroke, whether he would not confess, he was contented to be flayed rather than betray his friend, or break the promise he had made.

The gamekeeper was now relieved from his anxiety and Mr. Allworthy himself began to be concerned at Tom's sufferings. For besides that Mr. Thwackum, being highly enraged that he was not able to make the boy say what he himself pleased, had carried his severity

much beyond the good man's intention, this latter began now to suspect that the squire had been mistaken; which his extreme eagerness and anger seemed to make probable; and as for what the servants had said in confirmation of their master's account, he laid no great stress upon that. Now, as cruelty and injustice were two ideas of which Mr. Allworthy could by no means support the consciousness a single moment, he sent for Tom, and after many kind and friendly exhortations, said, "I am convinced, my dear child, that my suspicions have wronged you; I am sorry that you have been so severely punished on this account." And at last gave him a little horse to make him amends, again repeating his sorrow for what had passed.

Tom's guilt now flew in his face more than any severity could make it. He could more easily bear the lashes of Thwackum than the generosity of Allworthy. The tears burst from his eyes, and he fell upon his knees, crying, "Oh, sir, you are too good to me. Indeed you are. Indeed I don't deserve it." And at that very instant, from the fullness of his heart, had almost betrayed the secret; but the good genius of the game-keeper suggested to him what might be the consequence to the poor fellow, and this consideration sealed his lips.

Thwackum did all he could to persuade Allworthy from showing any compassion or kindness to the boy, saying he had persisted in an untruth, and gave some hints that a second whipping might probably bring the matter to light.

But Mr. Allworthy absolutely refused to consent to

the experiment. He said the boy had suffered enough already for concealing the truth, even if he was guilty, seeing that he could have no motive but a mistaken point of honour for so doing.

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The matter which put an end to the debate was no other than a quarrel between Master Blifil and Tom Jones, the consequence of which had been a bloody nose to the former; for though Master Blifil, notwithstanding he was the younger, was in size above the other's match, yet Tom was much his superior at the noble art of boxing.

Tom, however, cautiously avoided all engagements with that youth; for besides that Tommy Jones was an inoffensive lad amidst all his roguery, and really loved Blifil, Mr. Thwackum being always the second of the latter, would have been sufficient to deter him.

But well says a certain author, "No man is wise at all hours"; it is therefore no wonder that a boy is not so. A difference arising at play between the two lads, Master Blifil called Tom a beggarly rascal. Upon which the latter, who was somewhat passionate in his disposition, immediately caused that phenomenon in the face of the former, which we have above remembered.

Master Blifil now, with his blood running from his nose, and the tears galloping after from his eyes, appeared before his uncle and the tremendous Thwackum. In which court an indictment of assault, battery, and wounding, was instantly preferred against Tom; who in his excuse only pleaded the provocation, which was indeed all the matter that Master Blifil had omitted.



It is indeed possible that this circumstance might have escaped his memory; for, in his reply, he positively insisted, that he had made use of no such appellation, adding, "Heaven forbid such naughty words should ever come out of his mouth!"

Tom, though against all form of law, rejoined in affirmation of the words. Upon which Master Blifil said, "It is no wonder. Those who will tell one fib, will hardly stick at another. If I had told my master such a wicked fib as you have done, I should be ashamed to show my face."

"What fib, child?" cries Thwackum pretty eagerly.

"Why, he told you that nobody was with him a-shooting when he killed the partridge; but he knows" (here he burst into a flood of tears), "yes, he knows, for he confessed it to me, that Black George, the gamekeeper, was there. Nay, he said—yes, you did—deny it if you can, that you would not have confessed the truth, though master had cut you to pieces."

At this the fire flashed from Thwackum's eyes, and he cried out in triumph, "Oh! ho! this is your mistaken notion of honour! This is the boy who was not to be whipped again!" But Mr. Allworthy, with a more gentle aspect, turned towards the lad, and said, "Is this true, child? How came you to persist so obstinately in a falsehood?"

Tom said he scorned a lie as much as anyone: but he thought his honour engaged him to act as he did, for he had promised the poor fellow to conceal him: which, he said, he thought himself farther obliged to as the gamekeeper had begged him not to go into the gentle-

man's manor, and had at last gone himself, in compliance with his persuasions. He said this was the whole truth of the matter, and he would take his oath of it; and concluded with very passionately begging Mr. Allworthy to have compassion on the poor fellow's family, especially as he himself only had been guilty, and the other had been very difficultly prevailed on to do what he did. "Indeed, sir," said he, "it could hardly be called a lie that I told; for the poor fellow was entirely innocent of the whole matter. I should have gone alone after the birds; nay, I did go at first, and he only followed me to prevent more mischief. Do, pray, sir, let me be punished; take my little horse away again; but pray, sir, forgive poor George."

Mr. Allworthy hesitated a few moments, and then dismissed the boys, advising them to live more friendly and peaceably together.

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It is probable, that by disclosing this secret, which had been communicated in the utmost confidence to him, young Blifil preserved his companion from a good lashing; for the offence of the bloody nose would have been of itself sufficient cause for Thwackum to have proceeded to correction; but now this was totally absorbed in the consideration of the other matter; and with regard to this, Mr. Allworthy declared privately, he thought the boy deserved reward rather than punishment, so that Thwackum's hand was withheld by a general pardon.

Thwackum, whose meditations were full of birch,

exclaimed against this weak, and, as he said he would venture to call it, wicked lenity. To remit the punishment of such crimes was, he said, to encourage them. He enlarged much on the correction of children, and quoted many texts from Solomon, and others; which, being to be found in so many other books, shall not be found here. He then applied himself to the vice of lying, on which head he was altogether as learned as he had been on the other.

All this, however, weighed very little with Mr. Allworthy. He could not be prevailed on to sign the warrant for the execution of Jones. He therefore strictly ordered Mr. Thwackum to abstain from laying violent hands on Tom for what had passed. The pedagogue was obliged to obey those orders, but not without great reluctance, and frequent mutterings that the boy would be certainly spoiled.

Towards the gamekeeper the good man behaved with more severity. He presently summoned that poor fellow before him, and after many bitter remonstrances, paid him his wages, and dismissed him from his service; for Mr. Allworthy rightly observed that there was a great difference between being guilty of a falsehood to excuse yourself, and to excuse another. He likewise urged, as the principal motive to his inflexible severity against this man, that he had basely suffered Tom Jones to undergo so heavy a punishment for his sake, whereas he ought to have prevented it by making the discovery himself.

When this story became public, many people differed in judging the conduct of the two lads on the occasion. Master Blifil was generally called a sneaking rascal, a

poor-spirited wretch, with other epithets of the like kind; whilst Tom was honoured with the appellations of a brave lad, a jolly dog, and an honest fellow. Indeed, his behaviour to Black George much ingratiated him with all the servants. For though that fellow was before universally disliked, yet he was no sooner turned away than he was as universally pitied; and the friendship and gallantry of Tom Jones was celebrated by them all with the highest applause, and they condemned Master Blifil as openly as they durst, without incurring the danger of offending his mother. For all this, however, poor Tom smarted in the flesh, for though Thwackum had been inhibited to exercise his arm on the foregoing account, yet, as the proverb says, It is easy to find a stick, &c. So was it easy to find a rod; and, indeed, the not being able to find one was the only thing which could have kept Thwackum any long time from chastising poor Jones.

Had the bare delight in the sport been the only inducement to the pedagogue, it is probable Master Blifil would likewise have had his share. But though Mr. Allworthy had given him frequent orders to make no difference between the lads, yet was Thwackum altogether as kind and gentle to this youth, as he was harsh, nay even barbarous, to the other. To say the truth, Blifil had greatly gained his master's affections, partly by the profound respect he always showed his person, but much more by the decent reverence with which he received his doctrine; for he had got by heart, and frequently repeated, his phrases, and maintained all his master's religious principles with a zeal which was

surprising in one so young, and which greatly endeared him to the worthy preceptor.

Tom Jones, on the other hand, was not only deficient in outward tokens of respect, often forgetting to pull off his hat, or to bow at his master's approach, but was altogether as unmindful both of his master's precepts and example. He was indeed a thoughtless, giddy youth, with little sobriety in his manners, and less in his countenance, and would often very impudently and indecently laugh at his companion for his serious behaviour.

## SQUIRE WESTERN IS DIVERTED

Meantime, Tom has fallen in love with Sophia Western, the daughter of a good-natured but hot-tempered Squire, whose ignorance of book-learning is only equalled by his passion for fox-hunting. Sophia returns Tom's affection, but Squire Western has other plans for his daughter. Rather than be condemned to marriage with Blifil, Sophia escapes from home. Her father, with his retinue, sets out in pursuit. The following extract shows how he was diverted from his quest by another kind of chase.

The history now returns to the inn at Upton, whence we shall first trace the footsteps of Squire Western; for, as he will soon arrive at an end of his journey, we shall have then full leisure to attend our hero.

The reader may be pleased to remember that the said squire departed from the inn in great fury, and in that fury he pursued his daughter. The hostler having in-

formed him that she had crossed the Severn, he likewise passed that river with his equipage, and rode full speed, vowing the utmost vengeance against poor Sophia, if he should but overtake her.

He had not gone far before he arrived at a cross-way. Here he called a short council of war, in which, after hearing different opinions, he at last gave the direction of his pursuit to fortune, and struck directly into the Worcester road.

In this road he had proceeded about two miles when he began to bemoan himself most bitterly, frequently crying out, "What pity is it! Sure never was so unlucky a dog as myself!" And then burst forth a volley of oaths and execrations.

The parson attempted to administer comfort to him on this occasion. "Sorrow not, sir," says he, "like those without hope. Howbeit we have not yet been able to overtake young madam, we may account it some good fortune that we have hitherto traced her course aright. Peradventure she will soon be fatigated with her journey, and will tarry in some inn in order to renovate her corporeal functions; and in that case, in all moral certainty, you will very briefly be *compos voti*."

"Pogh!" answered the squire, "I am lamenting the loss of so fine a morning for hunting. It is confounded hard to lose one of the best scenting days, in all appearance, which hath been this season, and especially after so long a frost."

Whether Fortune, who now and then shows some compassion in her wantonest tricks, might not take pity of the squire, and, as she had determined not to let him

overtake his daughter, might not resolve to make him amends some other way, I will not assert. But he had hardly uttered the words just before commemorated, and two or three oaths at their heels, when a pack of hounds began to open their melodious throats at a small distance from them, which the squire's horse and his rider both perceiving, both immediately pricked up their ears, and the squire crying, "She's gone, she's gone! Damn me if she is not gone!" instantly clapped spurs to the beast, who little needed it, having indeed the same inclination with his master. And now the whole company, crossing into a corn-field, rode directly towards the hounds, with much hallooing and whooping, while the poor parson, blessing himself, brought up the rear.

Thus fable reports that the fair Grimalkin,<sup>1</sup> whom Venus converted from a cat into a fine woman, no sooner perceived a mouse than, mindful of her former sport, and still retaining her pristine nature, she leaped to pursue the little animal.

What we are to understand by this? The truth is, as the sagacious Sir Roger L'Estrange<sup>2</sup> observes in his deep reflections, that "if we shut Nature out at the door, she will come in at the window; and that puss, though a madam, will be a mouser still". In the same manner we are not to arraign the squire of any want of love for his daughter, for in reality he had a great deal. We are only to consider that he was a squire and

<sup>1</sup> The traditional name for a cat, especially when the "familiar spirit" of a witch.

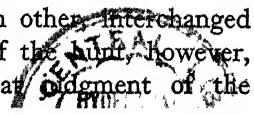
<sup>2</sup> Seventeenth-century man of letters, and the first distinguished writer to make journalism a profession.

a sportsman, and then we may apply the fable to him, and the judicious reflections likewise.

The hounds ran very hard, as it is called, and the squire pursued over hedge and ditch, with all his usual vociferation and alacrity, and with all his usual pleasure. Nor did the thoughts of Sophia ever once intrude themselves to allay the satisfaction he enjoyed in the chase, which, he said, was one of the finest he ever saw, and which he swore was very well worth going fifty miles for. As the squire forgot his daughter, the servants, we may easily believe, forgot their mistress; and the parson, after having expressed much astonishment, in Latin, to himself, at length likewise abandoned all farther thoughts of the young lady, and, jogging on at a distance behind, began to meditate a portion of doctrine for the ensuing Sunday.

The squire who owned the hounds was highly pleased with the arrival of his brother squire and sportsman: for all men approve merit in their own way, and no man was more expert in the field than Mr. Western, nor did any other better know how to encourage the dogs with his voice, and to animate the hunt with his holla.

Sportsmen, in the warmth of a chase, are too much engaged to attend to any manner of ceremony, nay, even to the offices of humanity: for, if any of them meet with an accident by tumbling into a ditch, or into a river, the rest pass on regardless, and generally leave him to his fate. During this time, therefore, the two squires, though often close to each other, interchanged not a single word. The master of the hunt, however, often saw and approved the great judgment of the





stranger in drawing the dogs when they were at a fault, and hence conceived a very high opinion of his understanding, as the number of his attendants inspired no small reverence to his quality. As soon, therefore, as the sport was ended by the death of the little animal which had occasioned it, the two squires met, and in all squire-like greeting saluted each other.

The conversation was entertaining enough, and what we may perhaps relate in an appendix, or on some other occasion; but as it nowise concerns this history, we cannot prevail on ourselves to give it a place here. It concluded with a second chase, and that with an invitation to dinner. This, being accepted, was followed by a hearty bout of drinking, which ended in as hearty a nap on the part of Squire Western.

Our squire was by no means a match either for his host, or for parson Supple, at his cups that evening; for which the violent fatigue of mind as well as body that he had undergone may very well account, without the least derogation from his honour. He was, indeed, according to the vulgar phrase, whistle drunk; for before he had swallowed the third bottle, he became so entirely overpowered that though he was not carried off to bed till long after, the parson considered him as absent, and having acquainted the other squire with all relating to Sophia, he obtained his promise of seconding those arguments which he intended to urge the next morning for Mr. Western's return.

No sooner, therefore, had the good squire shaken off his evening, and began to call for his morning draught, and to summon his horses in order to renew his pursuit,

than Mr. Supple began his dissuasives, which the host so strongly seconded that they at length prevailed, and Mr. Western agreed to return home, being principally moved by one argument, viz. that he knew not which way to go, and might probably be riding farther from his daughter instead of towards her. He then took leave of his brother sportsman, and expressing great joy that the frost was broken (which might perhaps be no small motive to his hastening home), set forwards, or rather backwards, for Somersetshire; but not before he had first despatched part of his retinue in quest of his daughter, after whom he likewise sent a volley of the most bitter execrations which he could invent.

### MR. PARTRIDGE AT THE PLAY . OF *HAMLET*

Tom has also gone on his travels, in which he is accompanied by the simple-minded but lovable Partridge, who is half-barber and half-schoolmaster. Partridge's excitement and his misunderstandings at the play of *Hamlet* are amusingly described here.

Mr. Jones having spent three hours in reading and kissing Sophia's letter, and being, at last, in a state of good spirits, he agreed to carry an appointment, which he had before made, into execution. This was to attend Mrs. Miller, and her younger daughter, into the gallery at the play-house, and to admit Mr. Partridge as one of the company. For as Jones had really that taste for

humour which many affect, he expected to enjoy much entertainment in the criticisms of Partridge, from whom he expected the simple dictates of nature, unimproved indeed, but likewise unadulterated, by art.

In the first row, then, of the first gallery did Mr. Jones, Mrs. Miller, her youngest daughter, and Partridge, take their places. Partridge immediately declared it was the finest place he had ever been in. When the first music was played, he said it was a wonder how so many fiddles could play at one time, without putting one another out! While the fellow was lighting the upper candles, he cried out to Mrs. Miller, "Look, look, madam, the very picture of the man in the end of the Common-Prayer book, before the Gunpowder-treason service." Nor could he help observing, with a sigh, when all the candles were lighted that here were candles enough burnt in one night to keep an honest poor family for a whole twelvemonth.

As soon as the play, which was *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*, began, Partridge was all attention, nor did he break silence till the entrance of the Ghost; upon which he asked Jones what man that was in the strange dress; "something," said he, "like what I have seen in a picture. Sure it is not armour, is it?" Jones answered, "That is the Ghost." To which Partridge replied with a smile, "Persuade me to that, sir, if you can. Though I can't say I ever actually saw a ghost in my life, yet I am certain I should know one, if I saw him, better than that comes to. No, no, sir, ghosts don't appear in such dresses as that, neither." In this mistake, which caused much laughter in the neighbourhood of

Partridge, he was suffered to continue till the scene between the Ghost and Hamlet, when Partridge gave that credit to Mr. Garrick which he had denied to Jones, and fell into so violent a trembling that his knees knocked against each other. Jones asked him what was the matter, and whether he was afraid of the warrior upon the stage. "O la! sir," said he, "I perceive now it is what you told me. I am not afraid of anything, for I know it is but a play. And if it was really a ghost, it could do one no harm at such a distance, and in so much company; and yet if I was frightened, I am not the only person."

"Why, who," cried Jones, "dost thou take to be such a coward here besides thyself?"

"Nay, you may call me coward if you will; but if that little man there upon the stage is not frightened, I never saw any man frightened in my life. Ay, ay: *go along with you!* Ay, to be sure! Who's fool then? Will you? Lud have mercy upon such fool-hardiness! Whatever happens it is good enough for you. *Follow you?* — I'd follow the devil as soon. Nay, perhaps it is the devil — for they say he can put on what likeness he pleases. Oh! here he is again. *No farther!* No, you have gone far enough already; farther than I'd have gone for all the king's dominions." Jones offered to speak, but Partridge cried, "Hush, hush! dear sir, don't you hear him?" And during the whole speech of the Ghost, he sat with his eyes fixed partly on the Ghost, and partly on Hamlet, and with his mouth open; the same passions which succeeded each other in Hamlet succeeding likewise in him.

When the scene was over, Jones said, "Why, Par-

tridge, you exceed my expectations. You enjoy the play more than I conceived possible."

"Nay, sir," answered Partridge, "if you are not afraid of the devil, I can't help it; but to be sure, it is natural to be surprised at such things, though I know there is nothing in them: not that it was the Ghost that surprised me, neither; for I should have known that to have been only a man in a strange dress; but when I saw the little man so frightened himself, it was that which took hold of me."

"And dost thou imagine, then, Partridge," cried Jones, "that he was really frightened?"

"Nay, sir," said Partridge, "did not you yourself observe afterwards, when he found it was his own father's spirit, and how he was murdered in the garden, how his fear forsook him by degrees, and he was struck dumb with sorrow, as it were, just as I should have been, had it been my own case?—But hush! O la! what noise is that? There he is again. — Well to be certain, though I know there is nothing at all in it, I am glad I am not down yonder, where those men are." Then turning his eyes again upon Hamlet, "Ay, you may draw your sword; what signifies a sword against the power of the devil?"

During the second act, Partridge made very few remarks. He greatly admired the fineness of the dresses; nor could he help observing upon the king's countenance. "Well," said he, "how people may be deceived by faces! *Nulla fides fronti* is, I find, a true saying. Who would think, by looking in the King's face, that he had ever committed a murder?" He then inquired after

the Ghost; but Jones, who intended he should be surprised, gave him no other satisfaction, than that he might possibly see him again soon, and in a flash of fire.

Partridge sat in a fearful expectation of this; and now, when the ghost made his next appearance, Partridge cried out, "There, sir, now; what say you now? Is he frightened now, or no? As much frightened as you think me, and, to be sure, nobody can help some fears. I would not be in so bad a condition as what's-his-name, Squire Hamlet, is there, for all the world. Bless me! What's become of the spirit? As I am a living soul, I thought I saw him sink into the earth."

"Indeed, you saw right," answered Jones.

"Well, well," cried Partridge, "I know it is only a play: and besides, if there was anything in all this, Madam Miller would not laugh so; for as to you, sir, you would not be afraid, I believe, if the devil was here in person. There, there — Ay, no wonder you are in such a passion; shake the vile wicked wretch to pieces. If she was my own mother, I would serve her so. To be sure, all duty to a mother is forfeited by such wicked doings. — Ay, go about your business, I hate the sight of you."

Our critic was now pretty silent till the play which Hamlet introduces before the King. This he did not at first understand, till Jones explained it to him; but he no sooner entered into the spirit of it than he began to bless himself that he had never committed murder. Then, turning to Mrs. Miller, he asked her if she did not imagine the King looked as if he was touched;

"though he is," said he, "a good actor, and doth all he can to hide it. Well, I would not have so much to answer for, as that wicked man there hath, to sit upon a much higher chair than he sits upon. No wonder he run away; for your sake I'll never trust an innocent face again."

The grave-digging scene next engaged the attention of Partridge, who expressed much surprise at the number of skulls thrown upon the stage. To which Jones answered that it was one of the most famous burial-places about town.

"No wonder, then," cried Partridge, "that the place is haunted. But I never saw in my life a worse grave-digger. I had a sexton, when I was clerk, that should have dug three graves while he is digging one. The fellow handles a spade as if it was the first time he had ever had one in his hand. Ay, ay, you may sing. You had rather sing than work, I believe." Upon Hamlet's taking up the skull, he cried out, "Well! it is strange to see how fearless some men are: I never could bring myself to touch anything belonging to a dead man, on any account. He seemed frightened enough, too, at the Ghost, I thought. *Nemo omnibus horis sapit.*"<sup>1</sup>

Little more worth remembering occurred during the play, at the end of which Jones asked him which of the players he had liked best. To this he answered, with some appearance of indignation at the question, "The King, without doubt."

"Indeed, Mr. Partridge," says Mrs. Miller, "you are not of the same opinion with the town; for they

<sup>1</sup> No one keeps his wits about him all the time.

are all agreed that Hamlet is acted by the best player who ever was on the stage."

"He the best player!" cried Partridge, with a contemptuous sneer, "why, I could act as well as he myself. I am sure if I had seen a ghost, I should have looked in the very same manner, and done just as he did. And then, to be sure, in that scene, as you called it, between him and his mother, where you told me he acted so fine, why, Lord help me, any man, that is, any good man, that had such a mother, would have done exactly the same. I know you are only joking with me; but indeed, madam, though I was never at a play in London, yet I have seen acting before in the country; and the King for my money; he speaks all his words distinctly, half as loud again as the other. Anybody may see he is an actor."

Thus ended the adventure at the playhouse, where Partridge had afforded great mirth, not only to Jones and Mrs. Miller, but to all who sat within hearing, who were more attentive to what he said than to anything that passed on the stage.

He durst not go to bed all that night for fear of the Ghost; and for many nights after, sweated two or three hours before he went to sleep, with the same apprehensions, and waked several times in great horrors, crying out, "Lord have mercy upon us! there it is."



# THE ADVENTURES OF RODERICK RANDOM

BY TOBIAS SMOLLETT

*Roderick Random*, the first important work of Smollett, consists of a series of episodes—in the picaresque manner—related by the “hero”, who is a young Scots scapegrace of no particular attraction. Left penniless by his grandfather, he is befriended by his sailor uncle, Lieutenant Tom Bowling. In quest of fortune, he goes to London where he has numerous unsavoury adventures in the company of rogues of various kinds. He succeeds in qualifying as a surgeon’s mate in the navy, but failing to obtain an appointment, he continues his roistering until one day he is taken by the press-gang, and, after violent handling, is placed on board the man-of-war *Thunder* as an ordinary sailor. He succeeds, however, in becoming assistant to the surgeon’s first mate, a quick-tempered Welshman, named Morgan. The rest of the story takes us to Cartagena during the siege, to the battle of Dettingen, where Roderick fights in the French army, and into various adventures which are told with considerable vigour.

The chief interest of the novel lies in the description that it gives of the life of the sailor in the British navy of that time. As Smollett’s knowledge of the sea was drawn from personal experience, the following extract may be regarded as an authentic picture.

## LIFE ON A MAN-OF-WAR

As for my own part, I saw no resource but the army and navy, between which I hesitated so long that I found myself reduced to a starving condition. My spirit began to accommodate itself to my beggarly fate, and I became so mean as to go down towards Wapping, with an intention to inquire for an old school-fellow who, I understood, had got the command of a small coasting vessel, then in the river, and implore his assistance. But my destiny prevented this abject piece of behaviour; for, as I crossed Tower Wharf, a squat tawny fellow, with a hanger by his side, and a cudgel in his hand, came up to me calling "Yo, ho! brother, you must come along with me."

As I did not like his appearance, instead of answering his salutation, I quickened my pace, in hope of ridding myself of his company; upon which he whistled aloud, and immediately another sailor appeared before me, who laid hold of me by the collar, and began to drag me along. Not being of a humour to relish such treatment, I disengaged myself of the assailant, and with one blow of my cudgel laid him motionless on the ground; and perceiving myself surrounded in a trice by ten or a dozen more, exerted myself with such dexterity and success that some of my opponents were fain to attack me with drawn cutlasses; and, after an obstinate engagement, in which I received a large wound on my head, and another on my left cheek, I was dis-

armed, taken prisoner, and carried on board a pressing tender; where, after being pinioned like a malefactor, I was thrust down into the hold, among a parcel of miserable wretches, the sight of whom well-nigh distracted me.

As the commanding officer had not humanity enough to order my wounds to be dressed, and I could not use my own hands, I desired one of my fellow captives, who was unfettered, to take a handkerchief out of my pocket and tie it round my head, to stop the bleeding. He pulled out my handkerchief, 'tis true; but, instead of applying it to the use for which I designed it, went to the grating of the hatchway, and, with astonishing composure, sold it before my face to a bum-boat-woman,<sup>1</sup> then on board, for a quart of gin, with which he treated my companions, regardless of my circumstances and entreaties.

I complained bitterly of this robbery to the midshipman on deck, telling him at the same time that unless my hurts were dressed, I should bleed to death. But compassion was a weakness of which no man could justly accuse this person; who, squirting a mouthful of dissolved tobacco upon me through the gratings, told me I was a mutinous dog, and that I might die and be damned. Finding there was no other remedy, I appealed to patience, and laid up this usage in my memory, to be recalled at a fitter season.

In the meantime, loss of blood, vexation, and want of food contributed, with the noisome stench of the place,

<sup>1</sup> A bum-boat-woman is one who sells bread, cheese, greens, liquor, and fresh provisions to the sailors, in a small boat that lies alongside the ship.

to throw me into a swoon; out of which I was recovered by a tweak of the nose administered by the tar who stood sentinel over us, who at the same time regaled me with a draught of flip,<sup>1</sup> and comforted me with the hopes of being put on board of the *Thunder* next day, where I should be freed of my handcuffs, and cured of my wounds by the doctor. I no sooner heard him name the *Thunder* than I asked if he had belonged to that ship long; and he giving me to understand he had belonged to her five years, I inquired if he knew Lieutenant Bowling. "Know Lieutenant Bowling!" said he: "Odds my life! and that I do; and a good seaman he is as ever stepped upon fore-castle, and a brave fellow as ever cracked biscuit; none of your guinea pigs, nor your fresh water, wishy washy, fair-weather fowls. Many a taut gale of wind has honest Tom Bowling and I weathered together. Here's his health with all my heart, wherever he is, aloft or alow, in heaven or in hell, all's one for that—he needs not be ashamed to show himself." I was so much affected with this eulogium that I could not refrain from telling him that I was Lieutenant Bowling's kinsman: in consequence of which connexion, he expressed an inclination to serve me; and, when he was relieved, brought some cold boiled beef in a platter, and biscuit, on which we supped plentifully, and afterwards drank another can of flip together.

Making a virtue of necessity, I put a good face on the matter, and next day was with the other pressed men put on board of the *Thunder* lying at the Nore. When we

<sup>1</sup> A mixture of beer and spirit.

came alongside, the mate who guarded us thither ordered my handcuffs to be taken off that I might get on board the easier: this circumstance being perceived by some of the company who stood upon the gangboards to see us enter, one of them called to Jack Rattlin, who was busied in doing this friendly office for me, "Hey, Jack, what Newgate galley have you boarded in the river as you came along? Have we not thieves enow among us already?" A thousand witticisms of the same nature were passed upon me before I could get up the ship's side.

After we had been all entered upon the ship's books, I inquired of one of my shipmates where the surgeon was, that I might have my wounds dressed; and had actually got as far as the middle-deck (for our ship carried eighty guns), in my way to the cockpit, when I was met by the same midshipman who had used me so barbarously in the tender. He seeing me free from my chains, asked, with an insolent air, who had released me. To this question I foolishly answered, with a countenance that too plainly declared the state of my thoughts: "Whoever did it, I am persuaded, did not consult you in the affair." I had no sooner uttered these words than he cried, "Damn you, you saucy son of a hound, I'll teach you to talk so to your officer!" So saying, he bestowed on me several severe stripes with a supple Jack<sup>1</sup> he had in his hand; and, going to the commanding officer, made such a report of me that I was immediately put in irons by the master at arms, and a sentinel placed over me.

<sup>1</sup> Cane.

Honest Rattlin, as soon as he heard of my condition, came to me, and administered all the consolation he could; and then went to the surgeon in my behalf, who sent one of his mates to dress my wounds. This mate was no other than my old friend Thomson, with whom I became acquainted at the Navy Office. If I knew him at first sight, it was not easy for him to recognize me, disfigured with blood and dirt, and altered by the misery I had undergone. Unknown as I was to him, he surveyed me with looks of compassion, and handled my sores with great tenderness. When he had applied what he thought proper, and was about to leave me, I asked him if my misfortunes had disguised me so much, that he could not recollect my face. Upon this address, he observed me with great earnestness for some time, and at length protested he could not recollect one feature of my countenance. To keep him no longer in suspense, I told him my name; which when he heard, he embraced me with affection, and professed his sorrow at seeing me in such a disagreeable situation. I made him acquainted with my story; and, when he heard how inhumanly I had been used in the tender, he left me abruptly, assuring me I should see him again soon.

I had scarce time to wonder at his sudden departure when the master at arms came to the place of my confinement, and bade me follow him to the quarter-deck; where I was examined by the first lieutenant, who commanded the ship in the absence of the captain, touching the treatment I had received in the tender from my friend the midshipman, who was present to confront me. I recounted the particulars of his be-

haviour to me, not only in the tender, but since my being on board the ship; part of which being proved by the evidence of Jack Rattlin and others, who had no great devotion for my oppressor, I was discharged from confinement to make way for him, who was delivered to the master at arms to take his turn in the bilboes.<sup>1</sup>

And this was not the only satisfaction I enjoyed; for I was, at the request of the surgeon, exempted from all other duty than that of assisting his mates in making and administering medicines to the sick. This good office I owed to the friendship of Mr. Thomson, who had represented me in such a favourable light to the surgeon that he demanded me of the lieutenant to supply the place of his third mate, who was lately dead. When I had obtained this favour, my friend Thomson carried me down to the cockpit, which is the place allotted for the habitation of the surgeon's mates: and when he had shown me their berth, as he called it, I was filled with astonishment and horror.

We descended by divers ladders to a space as dark as a dungeon, which I understood was immersed several feet under water, being immediately above the hold. I had no sooner approached this dismal gulf than my nose was saluted with an intolerable stench of putrified cheese and rancid butter that issued from an apartment at the foot of the ladder, resembling a chandler's shop; where, by the faint glimmering of a candle, I could perceive a man with a pale meagre countenance, sitting behind a kind of desk, having spectacles on his nose

<sup>1</sup> Shackles.

and a pen in his hand. This, I learned of Mr. Thomson, was the ship's steward, who sat there to distribute provision to the several messes, and to mark what each received. He therefore presented my name to him, and desired I might be entered in his mess: then taking a light in his hand, conducted me to the place of his residence, which was a square of about six feet, surrounded with the medicine-chest, that of the first mate, his own, and a board by way of table fastened to the after-powder-room; it was also enclosed with canvas nailed round to the beams of the ship, to screen us from the cold, as well as from the view of the midshipmen and quarter-masters, who lodged within the cable-tiers on each side of us. In this gloomy mansion he entertained me with some cold salt pork, which he brought from a sort of locker, fixed above the table; and, calling for the boy of the mess, sent for a can of beer, of which he made excellent flip to crown the banquet. By this time I began to recover my spirits, which had been exceedingly depressed with the appearance of everything about me, and could no longer refrain from asking the particulars of Mr. Thomson's fortune since I had seen him in London.

While he was discoursing to me, we heard a voice on the cockpit-ladder pronounce with great vehemence, in a strange dialect, "The devil and his dam blow me from the top of Mounchdenny, if I go to him before there is something in my pelly; let his nose be as yellow as saffron, or as plue as a pell, look you, or as green as a leek, 'tis all one." To this declaration somebody answered: "So it seems my poor messmate



must part his cable for want of a little assistance. His fore top-sail is loose already; and besides, the doctor ordered you to overhaul him; but I see you don't mind what your master says." Here he was interrupted with, "Splutter and oons! you lousy tog, who do you call my master? Get you gone to the doctor, and tell him my birth, and education, and my abilities, and moreover, my behaviour is as good as his, or any shentleman's (no disparagement to him) in the whole world. Got pless my soul! does he think, or conceive, or imagine that I am a horse, or an ass, or a goat, to trudge backwards and forwards, and upwards and downwards, and by sea and by land, at his will and pleasures? Go your ways, you rapscaillon, and tell Doctor Atkins that I desire and request that he will give a look upon the tying man, and order something for him if he be dead or alive, and I will see him take it by and by, when my craving stomach is satisfied, look you." At this the other went away, saying that if they would serve him so when he was dying, he would be foul of them in the other world. Here Mr. Thomson let me know that the person we heard was Mr. Morgan, the first mate, who was just come on board from the hospital, whither he had attended some of the sick in the morning. At the same time I saw him come into the berth. He was a short thick man, with a face garnished with pimples, a snub nose turned up at the end, an excessive wide mouth, and little fiery eyes, surrounded with skin puckered up in innumerable wrinkles.

After dinner, Thomson led me round the ship, showed me the different parts, described their uses,

and, as far as he could, made me acquainted with the particulars of the discipline and economy practised on board. He then demanded of the boatswain a hammock for me, which was slung in a very neat manner by my friend Jack Rattlin; and as I had no bed-clothes, procured credit for me with the purser for a mattress and two blankets. At seven o'clock in the evening Morgan visited the sick, and having ordered what was proper for each, I assisted Thomson in making up his prescriptions: but when I followed him with the medicines into the sick berth or hospital, and observed the situation of the patients, I was much less surprised that people should die on board than that any sick person should recover. Here I saw about fifty miserable dis-tempered wretches, suspended in rows so huddled one upon the other, that not more than fourteen inches space was allotted for each with his bed and bedding; and deprived of the light of the day as well as of fresh air, breathed nothing but a noisome atmosphere of the morbid steams exhaling from their diseased bodies, devoured with vermin hatched in the filth that surrounded them, and destitute of every convenience necessary for people in that helpless condition.

. . . . .

We got out of the channel with a prosperous breeze, which died away, leaving us becalmed about fifty leagues to the westward of the Lizard. But this state of inaction did not last long; for next night our main top-sail was split by the wind, which in the morning increased to a hurricane. I was wakened by a most horrible din occasioned by the play of the gun-carriages upon the

deck above, the cracking of cabins, the howling of the wind through the shrouds, the confused noise of the ship's crew, the pipes of the boatswain and his mates, the trumpets of the lieutenants, and the clanking of the chain-pumps.

Morgan, who had never been at sea before, turned out in a great hurry, crying, "Got have mercy and compassion upon us! I believe we have got upon the confines of Lucifer and the d—ned!"; while poor Thomson lay quaking in his hammock, putting up petitions to Heaven for our safety. I rose and joined the Welshman; with whom, after having fortified ourselves with brandy, I went above: but if my sense of hearing was startled before, how must my sight have been appalled in beholding the effects of the storm! The sea was swelled into billows mountain-high, on the top of which our ship sometimes hung as if it was about to be precipitated to the abyss below! Sometimes we sunk between two waves that rose on each side higher than our topmast-head and threatened by dashing together to overwhelm us in a moment!

Of all our fleet, consisting of a hundred and fifty sail, scarce twelve appeared, and these driving under their bare poles, at the mercy of the tempest. At length the mast of one of them gave way, and tumbled overboard with a hideous crash. Nor was the prospect in our own ship much more agreeable; a number of officers and sailors ran backward and forward with distraction in their looks, hallooing to one another, and undetermined what they should attend to first. Some clung to the yards, endeavouring to unbend the sails that were

split into a thousand pieces flapping in the wind; others tried to furl those that were yet whole; while the masts, at every pitch, bent and quivered like twigs, as if they would have shivered into innumerable splinters.

While I considered this scene with equal terror and astonishment, one of the main braces broke; by the shock whereof two sailors were flung from the yard's arm into the sea, where they perished, and poor Jack Rattlin thrown down upon the deck, at the expense of a broken leg. Morgan and I ran immediately to his assistance, and found a splinter of the shin-bone thrust by the violence of the fall through the skin: as this was a case of too great consequence to be treated without the authority of the doctor, I went down to his cabin to inform him of the accident, as well as to bring up dressings, which we always kept ready prepared.

Making an apology for my intrusion, I acquainted him with the situation of Rattlin, but could by no means prevail upon him to visit him on deck where he lay; he bade me desire the boatswain to order some of the men to carry him down to the cockpit. "And in the meantime," said he, "I will direct Thomson to get ready the dressings." When I signified to the boatswain the doctor's desire, he swore a terrible oath that he could not spare one man from the deck, because he expected the mast would go by the board every minute. This piece of information did not at all contribute to my peace of mind; however, as my friend Rattlin complained very much, with the assistance of Morgan I supported him to the lower deck; whither Mr. Mackshane, after much entreaty, ventured to come,

attended by Thomson, with a box full of dressings, and his own servant, who carried a whole set of capital instruments. He examined the fracture and the wound, and concluding from a livid colour extending itself upon the limb, that a mortification would ensue, resolved to amputate the leg immediately.

This was a dreadful sentence to the patient, who, recruiting himself with a quid of tobacco, pronounced with a woeful countenance, "What! is there no remedy, doctor? Must I be docked? Can't you splice it? Odd's heart, if Lieutenant Bowling was here, he would not suffer Jack Rattlin's leg to be chopped off like a piece of old junk." This pathetic address to me, joined to my inclination to serve my honest friend, and the reasons I had to believe there was no danger in delaying the amputation, induced me to declare myself of the first mate's opinion, and affirm that the preternatural colour of the skin was owing to an inflammation occasioned by a contusion, and common in all such cases, without any indication of an approaching gangrene.

Morgan, who had a great opinion of my skill, manifestly exulted in my fellowship, and asked Thomson's sentiments of the matter, in hopes of strengthening our association with him too; but he, being of a meek disposition, and either dreading the enmity of the surgeon, or speaking the dictates of his own judgment, in a modest manner espoused the opinion of Mackshane, who by this time, having consulted with himself, determined to act in such a manner as to screen himself from censure and at the same time revenge himself on us, for our arrogance in contradicting him. With

this view, he asked if we would undertake to cure the leg at our peril; that is, be answerable for the consequence. To this question Morgan replied that the lives of his creatures are in the hands of God alone; and it would be great presumption in him to undertake for an event that was in the power of his Maker, no more than the doctor could promise to cure all the sick to whom he administered his assistance; but if the patient would put himself under our direction, we would do our endeavour to bring his distemper to a favourable issue, to which at present we saw no obstruction. I signified my concurrence; and Rattlin was so overjoyed that, shaking us both by the hands, he swore nobody else should touch him, and if he died his blood should be on his own head.

In the meantime, the storm subsided into a brisk gale, that carried us into the warm latitudes, where the weather became intolerable, and the crew very sickly. The doctor left nothing unattempted towards the completion of his vengeance against the Welshman and me. He went among the sick, under pretence of inquiring into their grievances, with a view of picking up complaints to our prejudice; but finding himself frustrated in that expectation by the goodwill we had procured from the patients by our diligence and humanity, he took the resolution of listening to our conversation by hiding himself behind the canvas that surrounded our berth. Here, too, he was detected by the boy of our mess, who acquainted us with this piece of behaviour; and one night, while we were picking a large bone of salt

beef, Morgan discerned something stir on the outside of our hangings, which immediately interpreting to be the doctor, he tipped me the wink, and pointed to the place, where I could perceive somebody standing; upon which I snatched up the bone, and levelled it with all my force at him, saying, "Whoever you are, take that for your curiosity." It had the desired effect, for we heard the listener tumble down, and afterwards crawl to his own cabin.

I applauded myself much for this feat, which turned out one of the most unlucky exploits of my life, Mack-shane from that time marking me out for destruction. About a week after this exploit, as I was going my rounds among the sick, I was taken prisoner and carried to the poop by the master at arms, where I was loaded with irons, and stapled to the deck, on pretence that I was a spy on board, and had conspired against the captain's life. How ridiculous soever this imputation was, I did not fail to suffer by it all the rigour that could be shown to the worst of criminals, being exposed in this miserable condition to the scorching heat of the sun by day, and the unwholesome damps by night, during the space of twelve days, in which I was neither brought to trial nor examined touching the probability of my charge. I had no sooner recovered the use of my reflection, which had been quite overthrown by this accident than I sent for Thomson; who, after condoling me on the occasion, hinted that I owed this misfortune to the hatred of the doctor, who had given an information against me to the captain, in consequence of which I was arrested and all my papers seized.

While I was cursing my capricious fate, I saw Morgan ascend the poop, guarded by two corporals, who made him sit down by me, that he might be pinioned in the same machine. Notwithstanding my situation, I could scarce refrain from laughing at the countenance of my fellow-prisoner, who, without speaking one word, allowed his feet to be inclosed in the rings provided for that purpose; but when they pretended to fasten him on his back, grew outrageous, and drawing a large coutteau from his side-pocket, threatened to rip up the first man that should approach him in order to treat him in such an unworthy manner.

They were prepared to use him very roughly, when the lieutenant on the quarter-deck called up to them to let him remain as he was. He then crept towards me, and taking me by the hand, bade me put my trust in Got. And looking at Thomson, who sat by us trembling, with a pale visage, told him there were two more rings for his feet, and he should be glad to find him in such good company. But it was not the intention of our adversary to include the second mate in our fate; him he excepted, to be his drudge in attending the sick, and, if possible, his evidence against us: with this view, he sounded him afar off, but finding his integrity incorruptible, harassed him so much out of spite that in a short time this mild creature grew weary of his life.

While I and my fellow-prisoner comforted each other in our tribulation, the admiral discovered four sail to leeward, and made signal for our ship and four more to chase. Hereupon everything was cleared for an



engagement; and Mackshane, foreseeing he should have occasion for more assistants than one, obtained Morgan's liberty; while I was left in this deplorable posture to the chance of battle. It was almost dark when we came up with the sternmost chase, which we hailed, and inquired who they were; they gave us to understand they were French men-of-war, upon which Captain Oakhum commanded them to send their boat on board of him; but they refused, telling him, if he had any business with them, to come on board of their ship. He then threatened to pour in a broadside upon them, which they promised to return. Both sides were as good as their word, and the engagement began with great fury.

The reader may guess how I passed my time, lying in this helpless situation, amidst the terrors of a sea-fight, expecting every moment to be cut asunder or dashed in pieces by the enemy's shot! I endeavoured to compose myself as much as possible by reflecting that I was not a whit more exposed than those who were stationed about me; but when I beheld them employed without intermission in annoying the foe, and encouraged by the society and behaviour of one another; I could easily perceive a wide difference between their condition and mine. However, I concealed my agitation as well as I could, till the head of the officer of marines who stood near me, being shot off, bounced from the deck athwart my face. I could contain myself no longer, but began to bellow with all the strength of my lungs; when a drummer, coming towards me, asked if I was wounded, and before I could answer, received

a great shot in his entrails, and he fell flat on my breast. This accident entirely bereft me of all discretion; I redoubled my cries, which were drowned in the noise of the battle; and finding myself disregarded, lost all patience, and became frantic. I vented my rage in oaths and execrations, till, my spirits being quite exhausted, I remained quiet, and insensible of the load that oppressed me.

The engagement lasted till broad day, when Captain Oakhum, finding that he was like to gain neither honour nor advantage by the affair, pretended to be undeceived by seeing their colours; and, hailing the ship with whom he had fought all night, protested he believed them Spaniards; and the guns being silenced on each side, ordered the barge to be hoisted out, and went on board of the French commodore. Our loss amounted to ten killed, and eighteen wounded, most part of whom afterwards died. My fellow-mates had no sooner dispatched their business in the cockpit than, full of friendly concern, they came to visit me. Morgan ascending first, and seeing my face almost covered with blood, concluded I was no longer a man for this world; and calling to Thomson with great emotion, bade him come up, and take his last farewell of his comrade and countryman, who was posting to a better place, where there were no Mackshanes nor Oakhums to asperse and torment him.

“No,” said he, taking me by the hand, “you are going to a country where there is more respect shown to unfortunate shentlemen, and where you will have the satisfaction of peholding your adversaries tossing

upon pillows of purning primstone." Thomson, alarmed at this apostrophe, made haste to the place where I lay, and, sitting down by me, with tears in his eyes, inquired into the nature of my calamity. By this time I had recollected myself so far as to be able to converse rationally with my friends, whom, to their great satisfaction, I immediately undeceived with regard to their apprehension of my being mortally wounded. After I had got myself disengaged from the carnage in which I wallowed, and partaken of a refreshment which my friends brought along with them, we entered into discourse upon the hardships we sustained, and spoke very freely of the authors of our misery; but our discourse being overheard by the sentinel who guarded me, he was no sooner relieved than he reported to the captain every syllable of our conversation, according to the orders he had received.

The effect of this information soon appeared in the arrival of the master at arms, who replaced Morgan in his former station; and gave the second mate a caution to keep a strict guard over his tongue, if he did not choose to accompany us in our confinement. Thomson, foreseeing that the whole slavery of attending the sick and wounded, as well as the cruelty of Mackshane, must now fall on his shoulders, grew desperate at the prospect; and, though I never heard him swear before, imprecated dreadful curses on the heads of his oppressors, declaring that he would rather quit life altogether than be much longer under the power of such barbarians.

I was a little startled at his vivacity, and endeavoured to alleviate his complaints by representing the subject

of my own with as much aggravation as it would bear, by which comparison he might see the balance of misfortune lay on my side, and take an example from me of fortitude and submission, till such time as we could procure redress, which I hoped was not far off, considering that we should probably be in a harbour in less than three days, where we should have an opportunity of preferring our complaints to the admiral. The Welshman joined in my remonstrances, and was at great pains to demonstrate that it was every man's duty as well as interest to resign himself to the Divine will, and look upon himself as a sentinel upon duty, who is by no means at liberty to leave his post before he is relieved. Thomson listened attentively to what we said; and at last, shedding a flood of tears, shook his head, and left us without making any reply.

About eleven at night he came to see us again with a settled gloom on his countenance, and gave us to understand that he had undergone excessive toil since he saw us, and in recompense had been grossly abused by the doctor, who taxed him with being confederate with us, in a design of taking away his life and that of the captain. After some time spent in mutual exhortation, he got up, and squeezing me by the hand with an uncommon fervour, cried, "God bless you both!" and left us to wonder at his singular manner of parting with us, which did not fail to make an impression on us both.

Next morning, when the hour of visitation came round, this unhappy young man was missing, and after strict search, supposed to have gone overboard in the night, and this was certainly the case.

# THE EXPEDITION OF HUMPHRY CLINKER

By TOBIAS SMOLLETT

This novel, which was the last, and in many ways the pleasantest of Smollett's, was written in the form of letters. It relates the adventures of Matthew Bramble's family party in their travels through England and Scotland. The members of the party are Bramble himself, a grumpy but kind-hearted old bachelor, who suffered with gout; his sister, Tabitha (not surprisingly called "Mistress Tabby"), an old maid, prim, prying, and altogether ridiculous, but still fully intent on capturing a husband; his nephew, Jeremy ("Jery") Melford, a cheerful young gallant, and his sister, Lydia; Winifred Jenkins, the maid; and Humphry Clinker, a ragged ostler who enters the service of Mr. Bramble in the manner described in the following letter.

## THE BARE-BACKED POSTILION

*To Sir Watkin Phillips, of Jesus College, Oxon.*

DEAR PHILLIPS,

Without waiting for your answer to my last, I proceed to give you an account of our journey to London, which has not been wholly barren of adventure. Tuesday last the squire took his place in a hired coach

and four, accompanied by his sister and mine, and Mrs. Tabby's maid, Winifred Jenkins, whose province it was to support Chowder on a cushion in her lap. I could scarce refrain from laughing when I looked into the vehicle, and saw that animal sitting opposite to my uncle, like any other passenger. The squire, ashamed of his situation, blushed to the eyes: and, calling to the postilions to drive on, pulled the glass up in my face. I, and his servant, John Thomas, attended them on horseback.

Nothing worth mentioning occurred till we arrived on the edge of Marlborough Downs. There one of the four horses fell in going down hill at a round trot; and the postilion behind, endeavouring to stop the carriage, pulled it on one side into a deep rut, where it was fairly overturned. I had rode on about two hundred yards before; but, hearing a loud scream, galloped back and dismounted to give what assistance was in my power. When I looked into the coach, I could see nothing distinctly but the nether end of Jenkins, who was kicking her heels and squalling with great vociferation. All of a sudden, my uncle thrust up his bare pate, and bolted through the window, as nimble as a grasshopper, having made use of poor Win as a step to rise in his ascent. The man (who had likewise quitted his horse) dragged this forlorn damsel, more dead than alive, through the same opening. Then Mr. Bramble, pulling the door off its hinges with a jerk, laid hold on Liddy's arm, and brought her to the light; very much frightened, but little hurt. It fell to my share to deliver our aunt Tabitha, who had lost her cap in the struggle,

and, being rather more than half frantic with rage and terror, was no bad representation of one of the sister Furies that guard the gates of hell. She expressed no sort of concern for her brother, who ran about in the cold, without his periwig, and worked with the most astonishing agility in helping to disentangle the horses from the carriage: but she cried, in a tone of distraction, "Chowder! Chowder! my dear Chowder! my poor Chowder is certainly killed!"

This was not the case — Chowder, after having torn my uncle's leg in the confusion of the fall, had retreated under the seat, and from thence the footman drew him by the neck; for which good office he bit his fingers to the bone. The fellow, who is naturally surly, was so provoked at this assault that he saluted his ribs with a hearty kick, exclaiming, "Damn the tike, and them he belongs to!" — a benediction which was by no means lost upon the implacable virago his mistress. Her brother, however, prevailed upon her to retire into a peasant's house near the scene of action, where his head and hers were covered, and poor Jenkins had a fit. Our next care was to apply some sticking plaster to the wound in his leg, which exhibited the impression of Chowder's teeth; but he never opened his lips against the delinquent. Mrs. Tabby, alarmed at this scene, "You say nothing, Matt," cried she, "but I know your mind — I know the spite you have to that poor unfortunate animal! I know you intend to take his life away!" "You are mistaken, upon my honour!" replied the squire, with a sarcastic smile, "I should be incapable of harbouring any such cruel design against

an object so amiable and inoffensive; even if he had not the happiness to be your favourite."

John Thomas was not so delicate. The fellow, whether really alarmed for his life or instigated by the desire of revenge, came in, and bluntly demanded that the dog should be put to death; on the supposition that if ever he should run mad hereafter, he, who had been bit by him, would be infected. My uncle calmly argued upon the absurdity of his opinion, observing that he himself was in the same predicament, and would certainly take the precaution he proposed if he was not sure he ran no risk of infection. Nevertheless, Thomas continued obstinate; and at length declared that if the dog was not shot immediately he himself would be his executioner. This declaration opened the flood-gates of Tabby's eloquence, which would have shamed the first-rate oratress of Billingsgate. The footman retorted in the same style; and the squire dismissed him from his service, after having prevented me from giving him a good horse-whipping for his insolence.

The coach being adjusted, another difficulty occurred. Mrs. Tabitha absolutely refused to enter it again unless another driver could be found to take the place of the postilion; who, she affirmed, had overturned the carriage from malice aforethought. After much dispute, the man resigned his place to a shabby country fellow, who undertook to go as far as Marlborough, where they could be better provided; and at that place we arrived about one o'clock, without further impediment. Mrs. Bramble, however, found new matter of offence, which, indeed, she had a particular genius for extract-



ing at will from almost every incident in life. We had scarce entered the room at Marlborough, where we stayed to dine, when she exhibited a formal complaint against the poor fellow who had superseded the postilion. She said he was such a beggarly rascal that he had ne'er a shirt to his back, for which act of indelicacy he deserved to be set in the stocks. Mrs. Winifred Jenkins confirmed the assertion, with respect to his nakedness, observing, at the same time, that he had a skin as fair as alabaster.

"This is a heinous offence, indeed," cried my uncle; "let us hear what the fellow has to say in his own vindication." He was accordingly summoned, and made his appearance, which was equally queer and pathetic. He seemed to be about twenty years of age, of a middling size, with bandy legs, stooping shoulders, high forehead, sandy locks, pinking eyes, flat nose, and long chin — but his complexion was of a sickly yellow; his looks denoted famine, and the rags that he wore could hardly conceal what decency requires to be covered. My uncle, having surveyed him attentively, said, with an ironical expression in his countenance, "An't you ashamed, fellow, to ride postilion without a shirt to cover you from the view of the ladies in the coach?" "Yes, I am, an please your noble honour," answered the man, "but necessity has no law, as the saying is — And more than that, it was an accident. My breeches cracked behind, after I had got into the saddle." "You're an impudent varlet," cried Mrs. Tabby, "for presuming to ride before persons of fashion without a shirt." "I am so, an please your worthy ladyship," said he, "but I am a poor Wiltshire

lad — I ha'n't a shirt in the world that I can call my own, nor a rag of clothes, an please your ladyship, but what you see — I have no friend nor relation upon earth to help me out. I have had the fever and ague these six months, and spent all I had in the world upon doctors, and to keep soul and body together; and, saving your ladyship's good presence, I ha'n't broke bread these four and twenty hours."

Mrs. Bramble, turning from him said she had never seen such a filthy tatterdemalion, and bade him begone; observing that he would fill the room full of vermin. Her brother darted a significant glance at her as she retired with Liddy into another apartment, and then asked the man if he was known to any person in Marlborough. When he answered that the landlord of the inn had known him from his infancy, mine host was immediately called, and being interrogated on the subject, declared that the young fellow's name was Humphry Clinker; that he had been brought up in the work-house, and put out apprentice by the parish to a country blacksmith who died before the boy's time was out; that he had for some time worked under his ostler, as a helper and extra postilion, till he was taken ill of the ague, which disabled him from getting his bread; that, having sold or pawned everything he had in the world for his cure and subsistence, he became so miserable and shabby that he disgraced the stable, and was dismissed; but that he never heard anything to the prejudice of his character in other respects. "So that the fellow being sick and destitute," said my uncle, "you turned him out to die in the streets?" "I pay

the poor's rate," replied the other, "and I have no right to maintain idle vagrants, either in sickness or health; besides, such a miserable object would have brought a discredit upon my house."

"You perceive," said the squire, turning to me, "our landlord is a Christian of bowels. Who shall presume to censure the morals of the age, when the very publicans exhibit such examples of humanity? — Hark ye, Clinker, you are a most notorious offender. You stand convicted of sickness, hunger, wretchedness, and want. But, as it does not belong to me to punish criminals, I will only take upon me the task of giving you a word of advice — get a shirt with all convenient dispatch, that your nakedness may not henceforward give offence to travelling gentlewomen, especially maidens in years."

So saying, he put a guinea into the hand of the poor fellow, who stood staring at him in silence, with his mouth wide open, till the landlord pushed him out of the room.

In the afternoon, as our aunt stepped into the coach, she observed with some marks of satisfaction that the postilion, who rode next to her, was not a shabby wretch like the ragamuffin who had drove them into Marlborough. Indeed, the difference was very conspicuous: this was a smart fellow, with a narrow brimmed hat, with gold cording, a cut bob, a decent blue jacket, leather-breeches, and a clean linen shirt, puffed above the waist-band. When we arrived at the Castle on Spin-hill, where we lay, this new postilion was remarkably assiduous in bringing in the loose parcels; and, at

length, displayed the individual countenance of Humphry Clinker, who had metamorphosed himself in this manner, by relieving from pawn part of his own clothes with the money he had received from Mr. Bramble.

Howsoever pleased the rest of the company were with such a favourable change in the appearance of this poor creature, it soured on the stomach of Mrs. Tabby, who had not yet digested the affront of his naked skin. She tossed her nose in disdain, saying she supposed her brother had taken him into favour because he had insulted her; that a fool and his money were soon parted; but that if Matt intended to take the fellow with him to London, she would not go a foot farther that way. My uncle said nothing with his tongue, though his looks were sufficiently expressive; and next morning Clinker did not appear, so that we proceeded without further altercation to Salt-hill, where we proposed to dine. There, the first person that came to the side of the coach and began to adjust the footboard was no other than Humphry Clinker. When I handed out Mrs. Bramble, she eyed him with a furious look, and passed into the house. My uncle was embarrassed, and asked him peevishly, what had brought him hither. The fellow said his honour had been so good to him that he had not the heart to part with him; that he would follow him to the world's end, and serve him all the days of his life, without fee or reward.

Mr. Bramble did not know whether to chide or laugh at this declaration. He foresaw much contradiction on the side of Tabby; and on the other hand, he could not but be pleased with the gratitude of Clinker as well

as with the simplicity of his character. "Suppose I was inclined to take you into my service," said he, "what are your qualifications? what are you good for?" "An please your honour," answered this original,<sup>1</sup> "I can read and write, and do the business of the stable indifferently well; I can dress a horse, and shoe him, and bleed and rowel him; then I can make hog's puddings and hob-nails, mend kettles and tin sauce-pans." Here uncle burst out a-laughing; and inquired what other accomplishments he was master of. "I know something of single-stick and psalmody," proceeded Clinker; "I can play upon the Jew's-harp, sing Black-ey'd Susan<sup>2</sup> and divers other songs; I can dance a Welsh jig, and Nancy Dawson;<sup>3</sup> wrestle a fall with any lad of my inches, when I'm in heart; and, under correction, I can find a hare when your honour wants a bit of game." "Foregad! thou art a complete fellow," cried my uncle, still laughing; "I have a good mind to take thee into my family. Prithee, go and try if thou canst make peace with my sister — thou hast given her much offence by showing her thy nakedness."

Clinker accordingly followed us into the room, cap in hand, where, addressing himself to Mrs. Tabitha, "May it please your ladyship's worship," cried he, "to pardon and forgive my offences, and, with God's assistance, I shall take care that I shall never offend your ladyship again. Do, pray, good, sweet, beautiful

<sup>1</sup> An odd or eccentric fellow.

<sup>2</sup> A ballad by John Gay.

<sup>3</sup> An eighteenth-century actress, popular enough to be the subject of songs and dances.

lady, take compassion on a poor sinner. God bless your noble countenance; I am sure you are too handsome and generous to bear malice. I will serve you on my bended knees, by night and by day, by land and by water; and all for the love and pleasure of serving such an excellent lady."

This compliment and humiliation<sup>1</sup> had some effect upon Tabby; but she made no reply; and Clinker, taking silence for consent, gave his attendance at dinner. The fellow's natural awkwardness and the flutter of his spirits were productive of repeated blunders in the course of his attendance. At length, he spilt part of a custard upon her right shoulder; and, starting back, trod upon Chowder, who set up a dismal howl. Poor Humphry was so disconcerted at this double mistake that he dropped the china dish, which broke into a thousand pieces; then, falling down upon his knees, remained in that posture gaping, with a most ludicrous aspect of distress. Mrs. Bramble flew to the dog, and, snatching him in her arms, presented him to her brother saying, "This is all a concerted scheme against this unfortunate animal, whose only crime is its regard for me. Here it is, kill it at once, and then you'll be satisfied."

Clinker, hearing these words, and taking them in the literal acceptation, got up in some hurry, and seizing a knife from the sideboard, cried, "Not here, an please your ladyship — it will daub the room. Give him to me, and I'll carry him to the ditch by the roadside." To this proposal he received no other answer than

<sup>1</sup> Humility.

a hearty box on the ear that made him stagger to the other side of the room. "What!" said she to her brother, "am I to be affronted by every mangy hound that you pick up on the highway? I insist upon your sending this rascallion about his business immediately." "For God's sake, sister, compose yourself," said my uncle, "and consider that the poor fellow is innocent of any intention to give you offence." "Innocent as the babe unborn," cried Humphry. "I see it plainly," exclaimed this implacable maiden; "he acts by your direction; and you are resolved to support him in his impudence. This is a bad return for all the services I have done you; for nursing you in your sickness, managing your family, and keeping you from ruining yourself by your own imprudence. But now you shall part with that rascal or me, upon the spot, without further loss of time; and the world shall see whether you have more regard for your own flesh and blood or for a beggarly foundling taken from the dunghill."

Mr. Bramble's eyes began to glisten, and his teeth to chatter. "If stated fairly," said he, raising his voice, "the question is, whether I have spirit to shake off an intolerable yoke, by one effort of resolution, or meanness enough to do an act of cruelty and injustice, to gratify the rancour of a capricious woman. Hark ye, Mrs. Tabitha Bramble, I will now propose an alternative in my turn — either discard your four-footed favourite, or give me leave to bid you eternally adieu; for I am determined that he and I shall live no longer under the same roof; and now *to dinner with what appetite you may.*" Thunderstruck at this declaration,

she sat down in a corner; and, after a pause of some minutes, "Sure I don't understand you, Matt!" said she. "And yet I spoke in plain English," answered the squire, with a peremptory look. "Sir," resumed this virago, effectually humbled, "it is your prerogative to command, and my duty to obey. I can't dispose of the dog in this place; but if you'll allow him to go in the coach to London, I give you my word, he shall never trouble you again."

Her brother, entirely disarmed by this mild reply, declared she could ask him nothing in reason that he would refuse; adding, "I hope, sister, you have never found me deficient in natural affection." Mrs. Tabitha immediately rose, and, throwing her arms about his neck, kissed him on the cheek: he returned her embrace with great emotion. Liddy sobbed, Win. Jenkins cackled, Chowder capered, and Clinker skipped about rubbing his hands for joy of this reconciliation.

Concord being thus restored, we finished our meal with comfort; and in the evening arrived at London, without having met with any other adventure. My aunt seems to be much mended by the hint she received from her brother. She has been graciously pleased to remove her displeasure from Clinker, who is now retained as a footman; and in a day or two will make his appearance in a new suit of livery; but as he is little acquainted with London, we have taken an occasional valet, whom I intend hereafter to hire as my own servant. We lodge in Golden-square, at the house of one Mrs. Norton, a decent sort of a woman, who takes great pains to make us all easy. My uncle proposes to make a circuit



of all the remarkable scenes of this metropolis, for the entertainment of his pupils; but as both you and I are already acquainted with most of those he will visit, and with some others he little dreams of, I shall only communicate what will be in some measure new to your observation. Remember me to our Jesuitical friends, and believe me ever,

dear Knight,

yours affectionately,

J. MELFORD.

LONDON, *May 24.*

## AMONG THE METHODISTS

Humphry proves himself to be a servant of much devotion and resource, and he is soon thought highly of by members of the Bramble household. The letter which follows describes how he was attracted by the Methodist movement. To most writers of the time (Fielding, for example), Methodists were no better than canting hypocrites, but Smollett, though he makes Methodism humorous, does not mock at it, or condemn it.

*To Sir Watkin Phillips, of Jesus College, Oxon.*

DEAR PHILLIPS,

I shall grow vain upon your saying you find entertainment in my letters, barren, as they certainly are, of incident and importance, because your amuse-

ment must arise not from the matter but from the manner, which you know is all my own. Animated, therefore, by the approbation of a person whose nice taste and consummate judgment I can no longer doubt, I will cheerfully proceed with our memoirs. As it is determined we shall set out next week for Yorkshire, I went to-day in the forenoon with my uncle to see a carriage belonging to a coach-maker in our neighbourhood. Turning down a narrow lane, behind Long Acre, we perceived a crowd of people standing at a door which, it seems, opened into a kind of a methodist meeting; and were informed that a footman was then holding forth to the congregation within. Curious to see this phenomenon, we squeezed into the place with much difficulty; and who should this preacher be but the identical Humphry Clinker. He had finished his sermon, and given out a psalm, the first stave of which he sung with peculiar graces. But if we were astonished to see Clinker in the pulpit, we were altogether confounded at finding all the females of our family among the audience. There was lady Griskin, Mrs. Tabitha Bramble, Mrs. Winifred Jenkins, my sister Liddy, and Mr. Barton, and all of them joined in the psalmody, with strong marks of devotion.

I could hardly keep my gravity on this ludicrous occasion; but old Square-toes<sup>1</sup> was differently affected. The first thing that struck him was the presumption of his lacquey, whom he commanded to come down, with such an air of authority as Humphry did not think proper to disregard. He descended immediately, and

<sup>1</sup> i.e. Mr. Bramble.

all the people were in commotion. Barton looked exceedingly sheepish, lady Griskin flirted her fan, Mrs. Tabby groaned in spirit, Liddy changed countenance, and Mrs. Jenkins sobbed as if her heart was breaking. My uncle, with a sneer, asked pardon of the ladies for having interrupted their devotion, saying he had particular business with the preacher, whom he ordered to call a hackney-coach. This being immediately brought up to the end of the lane, he handed Liddy into it, and my aunt and I following him, we drove home, without taking any further notice of the rest of the company, who still remained in silent astonishment.

Mr. Bramble, perceiving Liddy in great trepidation, assumed a milder aspect, bidding her be under no concern, for he was not at all displeased at anything she had done. "I have no objection," said he, "to your being religiously inclined; but I don't think my servant is a proper ghostly director for a devotee of your sex and character — if, in fact (as I rather believe) your aunt is not the sole conductress of this machine." <sup>1</sup> Mrs. Tabitha made no answer, but threw up the whites of her eyes, as if in the act of ejaculation. Poor Liddy said she had no right to the title of a devotee; that she thought there was no harm in hearing a pious discourse, even if it came from a footman, especially as her aunt was present; but that if she had erred from ignorance, she hoped he would excuse it, as she could not bear the thoughts of living under his displeasure. The old gentleman, pressing her hand with a tender smile, said she was a good girl and that he did not believe

<sup>1</sup> Mover in this business.

her capable of doing anything that could give him the least umbrage or disgust.

When we arrived at our lodgings, he commanded Mr. Clinker to attend him up stairs, and spoke to him in these words: "Since you are called upon by the spirit to preach and to teach, it is high time to lay aside the livery of an earthly master; and for my part, I am unworthy to have an apostle in my service—". "I hope," said Humphry, "I have not failed in my duty to your honour. I should be a vile wretch if I did, considering the misery from which your charity and compassion relieved me; but having an inward admonition of the spirit—". "An admonition of the devil!" cried the squire, in a passion. "What admonition, you blockhead? What right has such a fellow as you to set up for a reformer?" "Begging your honour's pardon," replied Clinker, "may not the new light of God's grace shine upon the poor and the ignorant in their humility, as well as upon the wealthy, and the philosopher in all his pride of human learning?" "What you imagine to be the new light of grace," said his master, "I take to be a deceitful vapour, glimmering through a crack in your upper story. In a word, Mr. Clinker, I will have no light in my family but what pays the king's taxes, unless it be the light of reason, which you don't pretend to follow."

"Ah, sir!" cried Humphry, "the light of reason is no more in comparison to the light I mean than a farthing candle to the sun at noon—". "Very true," said uncle, "the one will serve to show you your way, and the other to dazzle and confound your weak brain."

Hark-ye, Clinker, you are either an hypocritical knave, or a wrong-headed enthusiast; and, in either case, unfit for my service. If you are a quack in sanctity and devotion, you will find it an easy matter to impose upon silly women and others of crazed understanding, who will contribute lavishly for your support. If you are really seduced by the reveries of a disturbed imagination, the sooner you lose your senses entirely, the better for yourself and the community. In that case, some charitable person might provide you with a dark room and clean straw in Bedlam, where it would not be in your power to infect others with your fanaticism; whereas, if you have just reflection enough left to maintain the character of a chosen vessel in the meetings of the godly, you and your hearers will be misled by a Will-i'the-wisp, from one error into another, till you are plunged into religious frenzy; and then, perhaps, you will hang yourself in despair —". "Which the Lord of his infinite mercy forbid!" exclaimed the affrighted Clinker. "It is very possible I may be under the temptation of the devil, who wants to wreck me on the rocks of spiritual pride. Your honour says I am either a knave or a madman; now, as I'll assure your honour I am no knave, it follows that I must be mad; therefore, I beseech your honour, upon my knees, to take my case into consideration, that means may be used for my recovery —".

The squire could not help smiling at the poor fellow's simplicity, and promised to take care of him, provided he would mind the business of his place, without running after the new light of methodism: but Mrs.

Tabitha took offence at his humility, which she interpreted into poorness of spirit and worldly mindedness. She upbraided him with the want of courage to suffer for conscience' sake. She observed that if he should lose his place for bearing testimony to the truth, Providence would not fail to find him another, perhaps more advantageous; and, declaring that it could not be very agreeable to live in a family where an inquisition was established, retired to another room in great agitation.

My uncle followed her with a significant look; then, turning to the preacher, "You hear what my sister says. If you cannot live with me upon such terms as I have prescribed, the vineyard of methodism lies before you, and she seems very well disposed to reward your labour —". "I would not willingly give offence to any soul upon earth," answered Humphry; "her ladyship has been very good to me, ever since we came to London; and surely she has a heart turned for religious exercises; and both she and lady Griskin sing psalms and hymns like two cherubims, but, at the same time, I'm bound to love and obey your honour. It becometh not such a poor ignorant fellow as me to hold dispute with gentlemen of rank and learning. As for the matter of knowledge, I am no more than a beast in comparison of your honour; therefore I submit; and, with God's grace, I will follow you to the world's end. If you don't think me too far gone to be out of confinement —".

His master promised to keep him for some time longer on trial; then desired to know in what manner lady Griskin and Mr. Barton came to join their religious society. He told him that her ladyship was the person

who first carried my aunt and sister to the Tabernacle, whither he attended them, and had his devotion kindled by Mr. W——'s<sup>1</sup> preaching; that he was confirmed in this new way by the preacher's sermons, which he had bought and studied with great attention; that his discourse and prayers had brought over Mrs. Jenkins and the housemaid to the same way of thinking; but as for Mr. Barton, he had never seen him at service before this day, when he came in company with lady Griskin. Humphry, moreover, owned that he had been encouraged to mount the rostrum by the example and success of a weaver, who was much followed as a powerful minister; that on his first trial he found himself under such strong impulsions as made him believe he was certainly moved by the spirit; and that he had assisted in lady Griskin's, and several private houses, at exercises of devotion.

Mr. Bramble was no sooner informed that her ladyship had acted as the *primum mobile*<sup>2</sup> of this confederacy than he concluded she had only made use of Clinker as a tool, subservient to the execution of some design, to the true secret of which he was an utter stranger. He observed that her ladyship's brain was a perfect mill for projects; and that she and Tabby had certainly engaged in some secret treaty, the nature of which he could not comprehend. I told him I thought it was no difficult matter to perceive the drift of Mrs. Tabitha, which was to ensnare the heart of Barton, and that in all likelihood my lady Griskin acted as her auxiliary; that this supposition would account for their

<sup>1</sup> Whitefield.      <sup>2</sup> Prime mover.

endeavours to convert him to methodism; an event which would occasion a connexion of souls that might be easily improved into a matrimonial union.

My uncle seemed to be much diverted by the thoughts of this scheme's succeeding; but I gave him to understand that Barton was pre-engaged; that he had the day before made a present of an etuis<sup>1</sup> to Liddy, which her aunt had obliged her to receive, with a view, no doubt, to countenance her own accepting of a snuff-box at the same time; that my sister having made me acquainted with this incident, I had desired an explanation of Mr. Barton, who declared his intentions were honourable, and expressed his hope that I would have no objections to his alliance; that I had thanked him for the honour he intended our family, but told him it would be necessary to consult her uncle and aunt, who were her guardians, and their approbation being obtained, I could have no objection to his proposal, though I was persuaded that no violence would be offered to my sister's inclinations, in a transaction that so nearly interested the happiness of her future life; that he had assured me he should never think of availing himself of a guardian's authority unless he could render his addresses agreeable to the young lady herself; and that he would immediately demand permission of Mr. and Mrs. Bramble to make Liddy a tender of his hand and fortune.

The squire was not insensible to the advantages of such a match, and declared he would promote it with all his influence; but when I took notice that there

<sup>1</sup> Needle-case.



seemed to be an aversion on the side of Liddy, he said he would sound her on the subject; and if her reluctance was such as would not be easily overcome, he would civilly decline the proposal of Mr. Barton; for he thought that, in the choice of a husband, a young woman ought not to sacrifice the feelings of her heart for any consideration upon earth. "Liddy is not so desperate," said he, "as to worship fortune at such an expense." I take it for granted this whole affair will end in smoke; though there seems to be a storm brewing in the quarter of Mrs. Tabby, who sat with all the sullen dignity of silence at dinner, seemingly pregnant with complaint and expostulation. As she had certainly marked Barton for her own prey, she cannot possibly favour his suit to Liddy; and therefore, I expect something extraordinary will attend his declaring himself my sister's admirer. This declaration will certainly be made in form as soon as the lover can pick up resolution enough to stand the brunt of Mrs. Tabby's disappointment; for he is, without doubt, aware of her designs upon his person. The particulars of the *dénouement* you shall know in due season: meanwhile I am

Always yours,

J. MELFORD.

LONDON, *June 10.*

## LIEUTENANT LISMAHAGO

The party are joined at Durham by Lieutenant Obadiah Lismahago, a hard-featured and somewhat forbidding Scotsman. His dress and manners are eccentric, but, despite his self-conceit, his rudeness, and his obstinacy in an argument, Mistress Tabitha regards him as a possible husband, and lays siege to him accordingly. Later on in the story, she succeeds in capturing him, for "the Captain", though proud, is needy, and the knowledge that she had a comfortable fortune was too much for his defences.

*To Dr. Lewis*

DEAR DOCTOR,

I have now reached the northern extremity of England, and see, close to my chamber-window, the Tweed gliding through the arches of that bridge which connects this suburb to the town of Berwick. Yorkshire you have seen, and therefore I shall say nothing of that opulent province. The city of Durham appears like a confused heap of stones and brick, accumulated so as to cover a mountain, round which a river winds its brawling course. The streets are generally narrow, dark, and unpleasant, and many of them almost impassable in consequence of their declivity. The cathedral is a huge gloomy pile; but the clergy are well lodged. The bishop lives in a princely manner, the golden prebends keep plentiful tables, and, I am told, there is some good sociable company in the place; but the country, when

viewed from the top of Gateshead-Fell, which extends to Newcastle, exhibits the highest scene of cultivation that ever I beheld. As for Newcastle, it lies mostly in a bottom, on the banks of the Tyne, and makes an appearance still more disagreeable than that of Durham; but it is rendered populous and rich by industry and commerce; and the country lying on both sides the river, above the town, yields a delightful prospect of agriculture and plantation. Morpeth and Alnwick are neat, pretty towns, and this last is famous for the castle which has belonged so many ages to the noble house of Piercy, earls of Northumberland. It is, doubtless, a large edifice, containing a great number of apartments, and stands in a commanding situation; but the strength of it seems to have consisted not so much in its site, or the manner in which it is fortified, as in the valour of its defendants.

Our adventures since we left Scarborough are scarce worth reciting; and yet I must make you acquainted with my sister Tabby's progress in husband-hunting, after her disappointments at Bath and London. She had actually begun to practise upon a certain adventurer who was in fact a highwayman by profession; but he had been used to snares much more dangerous than any she could lay, and escaped accordingly. Then she opened her batteries upon an old weather-beaten Scotch lieutenant, called Lismahago, who joined us at Durham, and is, I think, one of the most singular personages I ever encountered. His manner is as harsh as his countenance; but his peculiar turn of thinking, and his pack of knowledge made up of the remnants of rarities,

rendered his conversation desirable, in spite of his pedantry and ungracious address. I have often met with a crab-apple in a hedge, which I have been tempted to eat for its flavour, even while I was disgusted by its austerity. The spirit of contradiction is naturally so strong in Lismahago that I believe in my conscience he has rummaged, and read, and studied with indefatigable attention, in order to qualify himself to refuse established maxims, and thus raise trophies for the gratification of polemical pride. Such is the asperity of his self-conceit that he will not even acquiesce in a transient compliment made to his own individual in particular, or to his country in general.

When I observed that he must have read a vast number of books to be able to discourse on such a variety of subjects, he declared he had read little or nothing, and asked how he should find books among the woods of America, where he had spent the greatest part of his life. My nephew remarking that the Scots in general were famous for their learning, he denied the imputation, and defied him to prove it from their works. "The Scots," said he, "have a slight tincture of letters, with which they make a parade among people who are more illiterate than themselves; but they may be said to float on the surface of science, and they have made very small advances in the useful arts." "At least," cried Tabby, "all the world allows that the Scots behaved gloriously in fighting and conquering the savages of America." "I can assure you, madam, you have been misinformed," replied the lieutenant; "in that continent the Scots did nothing more than their duty,

nor was there one corps in his majesty's service that distinguished itself more than another. Those who affected to extol the Scots for superior merit were no friends to that nation."

Though he himself made free with his countrymen, he would not suffer any other person to glance a sarcasm at them with impunity. One of the company chancing to mention lord B——'s <sup>1</sup> inglorious peace, the lieutenant immediately took up the cudgels in his lordship's favour, and argued very strenuously to prove that it was the most honourable and advantageous peace that England had ever made since the foundation of the monarchy. Nay, between friends, he offered such reasons on this subject that I was really confounded, if not convinced. He would not allow that the Scots abounded above their proportion in the army and navy of Great Britain, or that the English had any reason to say his countrymen had met with extraordinary encouragement in the service. "When a South and North Briton," said he, "are competitors for a place or commission which is in the disposal of an English minister or an English general, it would be absurd to suppose that the preference will not be given to the native of England, who has so many advantages over his rival. First and foremost, he has in his favour that laudable partiality which, Mr. Addison says, never fails to cleave to the heart of an Englishman; secondly, he has more powerful connections, and a greater share of parliamentary interest, by which those contests are generally decided; and lastly, he has a greater command of money

<sup>1</sup> Bute (Treaty of Paris, 1763).

to smoothe the way to his success. For my own part, I know no Scotch officer who has risen in the army above the rank of a subaltern, without purchasing every degree of preferment either with money or recruits; but I know many gentlemen of that country, who, for want of money and interest, have grown grey in the rank of lieutenants; whereas very few instances of this ill-fortune are to be found among the natives of South Britain. Not that I would insinuate that my countrymen have the least reason to complain. Preferment in the service, like success in any other branch of traffic, will naturally favour those who have the greatest stock of cash and credit, merit and capacity being supposed equal on all sides."

But the most hardy of all this original's positions were these: that commerce would, sooner or later, prove the ruin of every nation where it flourishes to any extent—that the parliament was the rotten part of the British constitution—that the liberty of the press was a national evil—and that the boasted institution of juries, as managed in England, was productive of shameful perjury and flagrant injustice. He observed, that traffic<sup>1</sup> was an enemy to all the liberal passions of the soul, founded on the thirst of lucre, a sordid disposition to take advantage of the necessities of our fellow creatures. He affirmed the nature of commerce was such that it could not be fixed or perpetuated, but, having flowed to a certain height, would immediately begin to ebb, and so continue till the channels should be left almost dry; but there was no

<sup>1</sup> Commerce.

instance of the tide's rising a second time to any considerable influx in the same nation. Meanwhile the sudden affluence occasioned by trade forced open all the sluices of luxury and overflowed the land with every species of profligacy and corruption; a total pravity<sup>1</sup> of manners would ensue, and this must be attended with bankruptcy and ruin. He observed of the parliament that the practice of buying boroughs, and canvassing for votes was an avowed system of venality, already established on the ruins of principle, integrity, faith, and good order, in consequence of which the elected and the elector, and, in short, the whole body of the people were equally and universally contaminated and corrupted. He affirmed that of a parliament thus constituted the crown would always have influence enough to secure a great majority in its dependence, from the great number of posts, places, and pensions it had to bestow; that such a parliament would (as it had already done) lengthen the term of its sitting and authority whenever the prince should think it for his interest to continue the representatives; for, without doubt, they had the same right to protect their authority *ad infinitum* as they had to extend it from three to seven years. With a parliament, therefore, dependent upon the crown, devoted to the prince, and supported by a standing army, garbled and modelled for the purpose, any king of England may, and probably some ambitious sovereign will, totally overthrow all the bulwarks of the constitution; for it is not to be supposed that a prince of a high spirit will tamely submit to be thwarted in all

<sup>1</sup> Depravity.

his measures, abused and insulted by a populace of unbridled ferocity, when he has it in his power to crush all opposition under his feet with the concurrence of the legislature. He said he should always consider the liberty of the press as a national evil while it enabled the vilest reptile to soil the lustre of the most shining merit, and furnished the most infamous incendiary with the means of disturbing the peace and destroying the good order of the community. He owned, however, that, under due restrictions, it would be a valuable privilege; but affirmed that at present there was no law in England sufficient to restrain it within proper bounds.

With respect to juries, he expressed himself to this effect: juries are generally composed of illiterate plebeians, apt to be mistaken, easily misled, and open to sinister influence; for if either of the parties to be tried can gain over one of the twelve jurors he has secured the verdict in his favour; the jurymen thus brought over will, in despite of all evidence and conviction, generally hold out till his fellows are fatigued, and harassed, and starved into concurrence; in which case the verdict is unjust, and the jurors are all perjured. But cases will often occur when the jurors are really divided in opinion, and each side is convinced in opposition to the other; but no verdict will be received unless they are unanimous, and they are all bound, not only in conscience, but by oath, to judge and declare according to their conviction. What then will be the consequence? They must either starve in company, or one side must sacrifice their conscience to their con-



venience, and join in a verdict which they believe to be false. This absurdity is avoided in Sweden, where a bare majority is sufficient; and in Scotland, where two-thirds of the jury are required to concur in the verdict.

You must not imagine that all these deductions were made on his part without contradictions on mine. No, the truth is, I found myself piqued in point of honour at his pretending to be so much wiser than his neighbours. I questioned all his assertions, started innumerable objections, argued and wrangled with uncommon perseverance, and grew very warm, and even violent, in the debate. Sometimes he was puzzled, and once or twice, I think, fairly refuted; but from those falls he rose again, like Antæus,<sup>1</sup> with redoubled vigour, till at length I was tired, exhausted, and really did not know how to proceed, when luckily he dropped a hint by which he discovered he had been bred to the law; a confession which enabled me to retire from the dispute with a good grace, as it could not be supposed that a man like me, who had been bred to nothing, should be able to cope with a veteran in his own profession. I believe, however, that I shall for some time continue to chew the cud of reflection upon many observations which this original discharged.

Whether our sister Tabby was really struck with his conversation, or is resolved to throw at everything she meets in the shape of a man till she can fasten the matrimonial noose, certain it is, she has taken desperate

<sup>1</sup> The son of Poseidon, the god of the sea, and Ge, the Earth. He was a mighty wrestler, and whenever he fell he derived new strength from the Earth, his mother.

strides towards the affection of Lismahago, who cannot be said to have met her half way, though he does not seem altogether insensible to her civilities. She insinuated more than once how happy we should be to have his company through that part of Scotland which we proposed to visit, till at length he plainly told us that his road was totally different from that which we intended to take; that, for his part, his company would be of very little service to us in our progress, as he was utterly unacquainted with the country, which he had left in his early youth; consequently, he could neither direct us in our inquiries, nor introduce us to any family of distinction. He said he was stimulated by an irresistible impulse to revisit the *paternus lar*, or *patria domus*, though he expected little satisfaction, inasmuch as he understood that his nephew, the present possessor, was but ill qualified to support the honour of the family. He assured us, however, as we design to return by the west road, that he will watch our motions, and endeavour to pay his respects to us at Dumfries. Accordingly he took his leave of us at a place half way betwixt Morpeth and Alnwick, and pranced away in great state, mounted on a tall, meagre, raw-boned, shambling grey gelding, without e'er a tooth in his head, the very counterpart of the rider; and, indeed, the appearance of the two was so picturesque that I would give twenty guineas to have them tolerably presented on canvas.

Northumberland is a fine county, extending to the Tweed, which is a pleasant pastoral stream; but you will be surprised when I tell you that the English side of that river is neither so well cultivated nor so populous

as the other. The farms are thinly scattered, the lands uninclosed, and scarce a gentleman's seat is to be seen in some miles from the Tweed; whereas the Scots are advanced in crowds to the very brink of the river, so that you may reckon above thirty good houses, in the compass of a few miles, belonging to proprietors whose ancestors had fortified castles in the same situations, a circumstance that shows what dangerous neighbours the Scots must have formerly been to the northern counties of England.

Our domestic economy continues on the old footing. My sister Tabby still adheres to methodism, and had the benefit of a sermon at Wesley's meeting in Newcastle; but I believe the passion of love has in some measure abated the fervour of devotion both in her and her woman, Mrs. Jenkins, about whose good graces there has been a violent contest betwixt my nephew's valet, Mr. Dutton, and my man, Humphry Clinker. Jerry has been obliged to interpose his authority to keep the peace; and to him I have left the discussion of that important affair, which had like to have kindled the flames of discord in the family of

yours always,

MATT. BRAMBLE.

TWEEDMOUTH, *July 15.*

## “THREE KIPLE CHINED”

The story ends with a triple wedding: Mistress Tabitha to her eccentric soldier; Lydia Melford to a handsome young actor, who turns out to be a gentleman of good family — one George Dennison; and Humphry Clinker to the maid, Winifred Jenkins. But before all this comes to pass, it has been discovered that Humphry's true name is Loyd, and that he is, in fact, the natural son of Mr. Bramble, who had formerly used his mother's name, and had been known as Matthew Loyd.

The letters of Mistress Tabitha and of her former maid, Winifred, make amusing reading because of their mis-spelling, and because of their ludicrous misuse of words in which they out-malaprop Mrs. Malaprop (whom, by the way, they anticipate by a few years, for Sheridan's *The Rivals* was produced in 1775, and Smollett's story was published in 1771). When Winifred Loyd writes that “our satiety is to suppurate”, it is only the context that enables us to read “our society is to separate”. And, occasionally, they depart so far from normal spelling and pronunciation that it is difficult to offer more than a bold conjecture of their meaning.

*To Mrs. Gwyllim, at Brambleton-hall.*

GOOD MRS. GWYLLIM,

Heaven, for wise porpuses, hath ordained that I should change my name and citation in life, so that I am not to be considered any more as manger of my brother's family; but as I cannot surrender up my stewardship till I have settled with you and Williams,

I desire you will get your accunts ready for inspection as we are coming home without further delay. — My spouse, the captain, being subject to rummaticks, I beg you will take great care to have the blew chamber, up two pair of stairs, well warmed for his reception. — Let the sashes be secured, the crevices stopped, the carpets laid, and the beds well tousled. — Mrs. Loyd, late Jenkins, being married to a relation of the family, cannot remain in the capacity of a sarvant; therefore, I wish you would cast about for some creditable body to be with me in her room — If she can spin, and is mistress of plain-work, so much the better — but she must not expect extravagant wages — having a family of my own, I must be more occumenical than ever. No more at present, but rests,

Your loving friend,

TAB. LISMAHAGO.

*Nov. 20.*

*To Mrs. Mary Jones, at Brambleton-hall*

MRS. JONES,

Providinch hath bin pleased to make great halteration in the pasture of our affairs. — We were yesterday three kiple chined, by the grease of God, in the holy bands of mattermoney, and I now subscribe myself Loyd at your sarvice. — All the parish allowed that young 'squire Dallison and his bride was a comely pear for to see. — As for madam Lashmiheygo, you nose her picklearities — her head, to be sure, was fintastical; and her spouse had rapt her with a long

marokin furze cloak from the land of the selvidges. The captain himself had a huge hassock of air, with three tails, and a tumtawdry coat, boddered with sulfur. — Wan said he was a monkey-bank; for my part, I says nothing, being as how the captain has done the handsome thing by me. — Mr. Loyd was dressed in a lite frog, and checket with gould binding; and thof<sup>1</sup> he don't enter in caparison with great folks of quality, yet he has got as good blood in his veins as arrow privet 'squire in the county; and then his pursing is far from contentible. — Your humble sarvant had on a plain pea-green tabby sack, with my Runnela cap, ruff toupee, and side curls. — They said, I was the very moral of lady Rickmanstone, but not so pale — that may well be, for her ladyship is my elder by seven good years and more. — Now, Mrs. Mary, our satiety is to suppurate — Mr. Millfart goes to Bath along with the Dallisons, and the rest of us push home to Wales, to pass our Chrishmarsh at Brampleton-hall — As our apartments is to be the yallow pepper, in the thurd story, pray carry my things thither. — Present my cumpliments to Mrs. Gwyllim, and I hope she and I will live upon dissent terms of civility. — Being, by God's blessing, removed to a higher spear, you'll excuse my being familiar with the lower sarvents of the family; but, as I trust you'll behave respectful, and keep a proper distance, you may always depend upon the good will and purtection of

Yours,

W. LOYD.

*Nov. 20.*

<sup>1</sup> Though.

THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF  
TRISTRAM SHANDY  
GENTLEMAN

By LAURENCE STERNE

Despite the title, this novel (in nine books) tells us very little of the life, and less of the opinions, of its nominal hero, for he is not born till Book IV is reached, and soon after being put in breeches (in Book VI), he disappears entirely from the story! This story is, indeed, a very miscellaneous collection of unrelated incidents, and its main interest — apart from the author's own diverting opinions, and the frequent digressions — lies in the humour of the character drawing. Amongst the minor characters is one, Yorick, a clergyman of Danish extraction, and a descendant of the Yorick mentioned in *Hamlet*. This "lively, witty, sensible, and heedless parson" is described in the following selection.

YORICK THE PARSON

Let that be as it may, as my purpose is to do exact justice to every creature brought upon the stage of this dramatic work, — I could not stifle this distinction in favour of Don Quixote's horse; — in all other points, the parson's horse, I say, was just such another, — for

he was as lean, and as lank, and as sorry a jade, as Humility herself could have bestrided.

In the estimation of here and there a man of weak judgment, it was greatly in the parson's power to have helped the figure of this horse of his, for he was master of a very handsome demi-peaked saddle, quilted on the seat with green plush, garnished with a double row of silver-headed studs, and a noble pair of shining brass stirrups, with a housing altogether suitable, of grey superfine cloth, with an edging of black lace, terminating in a deep, black, silk fringe, *poudré d'or*, all which he had purchased in the pride and prime of his life, together with a grand embossed bridle, ornamented at all points as it should be. But not caring to banter his beast, he had hung all these up behind his study door; and, in lieu of them, had seriously befitted him with just such a bridle and such a saddle, as the figure and value of such a steed might well and truly deserve.

In the several sallies about his parish, and in the neighbouring visits to the gentry who lived around him, you will easily comprehend, that the parson, so appointed, would both hear and see enough to keep his philosophy from rusting. To speak the truth, he never could enter a village, but he caught the attention of both old and young. Labour stood still as he passed; the bucket hung suspended in the middle of the well; the spinning-wheel forgot its round; even chuck-farthing and shuffle-cap themselves stood gaping till he had got out of sight; and as his movement was not of the quickest, he had generally time enough upon his hands to make his observations — to hear the groans of



the serious and the laughter of the light-hearted — all which he bore with excellent tranquillity. His character was, — he loved a jest in his heart — and as he saw himself in the true point of ridicule, he would say he could not be angry with others for seeing him in a light in which he so strongly saw himself; so that to his friends, who knew his foible was not the love of money, and who therefore made the less scruple in bantering the extravagance of his humour, instead of giving the true cause he chose rather to join in the laugh against himself; and as he never carried one single ounce of flesh upon his own bones, being altogether as spare a figure as his beast he would sometimes insist upon it that the horse was as good as the rider deserved; that they were, centaur-like, both of a piece. At other times, and in other moods, when his spirits were above the temptation of false wit, he would say he found himself going off fast in a consumption; and, with great gravity, would pretend he could not bear the sight of a fat horse without a dejection of heart, and a sensible alteration in his pulse; and that he had made choice of the lean one he rode upon, not only to keep himself in countenance, but in spirits.

At different times he would give fifty humorous and apposite reasons for riding a meek-spirited jade of a broken-winded horse, preferably to one of mettle; for on such a one he could sit mechanically, and meditate as delightfully *de vanitate mundi et fuga saeculi*, as with the advantage of a death's-head before him; that, in all other exertations, he could spend his time, as he rode slowly along, to as much account as in his study;

that he could draw up an argument in his sermon or a hole in his breeches, as steadily on the one as in the other; that brisk trotting and slow argumentation, like wit and judgment, were two incompatible movements; but that upon his steed he could unite and reconcile everything; he could compose his sermon; he could compose his cough; and, in case nature gave a call that way, he could likewise compose himself to sleep.

. . . . .

Yorick was this parson's name, and, what is very remarkable in it (as appears from a most ancient account of the family, wrote upon strong vellum, and now in perfect preservation), it had been exactly so spelt for near — I was within an ace of saying nine hundred years — but I would not shake my credit in telling an improbable truth, however indisputable in itself; and therefore I shall content myself with only saying it had been exactly so spelt, without the least variation or transposition of a single letter, for I do not know how long; which is more than I would venture to say of one half of the best surnames in the kingdom; which, in a course of years, have generally undergone as many chops and changes as their owners. Has this been owing to the pride, or to the shame of the respective proprietors? In honest truth, I think, sometimes to the one, and sometimes to the other, just as the temptation has wrought. But a villainous affair it is, and will one day so blend and confound us altogether that no one shall be able to stand up and swear that his own great grandfather was the man who did either this or that.

This evil had been sufficiently fenced against by the

prudent care of the Yorick's family, and their religious preservation of these records I quote, which do farther inform us that the family was originally of Danish extraction, and had been transplanted into England as early as in the reign of Horwendillus, king of Denmark, in whose court, it seems, an ancestor of this Mr. Yorick's, and from whom he was lineally descended, held a considerable post to the day of his death. Of what nature this considerable post was, this record saith not. It only adds that for near two centuries, it had been totally abolished, as altogether unnecessary, not only in that court, but in every other court of the Christian world.

It has often come into my head that this post could be no other than that of the king's chief Jester; and that Hamlet's Yorick, in our Shakespeare,<sup>1</sup> many of whose plays, you know, are founded upon authenticated facts, was certainly the very man.

I have not the time to look into Saxo-Grammaticus's Danish history<sup>2</sup> to know the certainty of this, but if you have leisure, and can easily get at the book, you may do it full as well yourself.

Yorick had an invincible dislike and opposition in his nature to gravity; — not to gravity as such — for where gravity was wanted, he would be the most grave or serious of mortal men for days and weeks together — but he was an enemy to the affectation of it, and declared open war against it, only as it appeared a cloak for ignorance, or for folly: and then, whenever it fell in his

<sup>1</sup> See *Hamlet*, v. i. 201.

<sup>2</sup> Saxo Grammaticus, a Danish historian of the thirteenth century, wrote a history of the Danes (*Gesta Danorum*), which contains the story of Hamlet.

way, however sheltered and protected, he seldom gave it much quarter.

Sometimes, in his wild way of talking, he would say that Gravity was an errant scoundrel, and, he would add, of the most dangerous kind too, because a sly one; and that he verily believed, more honest, well-meaning people were bubbled out of their goods and money by it in one twelve-month than by pocket-picking and shop-lifting in seven. In the naked temper which a merry heart discovered, he would say there was no danger, but to itself; whereas the very essence of gravity was design, and consequently deceit — 'twas a taught trick to gain credit of the world for more sense and knowledge than a man was worth; and that, with all its pretensions, it was no better, but often worse, than what a French wit had long ago defined it — viz. "A mysterious carriage of the body to cover the defects of the mind"; which definition of gravity, Yorick, with great imprudence, would say, deserved to be wrote in letters of gold.

But, in plain truth, he was a man unhackneyed and unpractised in the world, and was altogether as indiscreet and foolish on every other subject of discourse where policy is wont to impress restraint. Yorick had no impression but one, and that was what arose from the nature of the deed spoken of; which impression he would usually translate into plain English without any periphrasis, and too oft without much distinction of either person, time, or place; so that when mention was made of a pitiful or an ungenerous proceeding — he never gave himself a moment's time to reflect who

was the hero of the piece — what his station — or how far he had power to hurt him hereafter; but if it was a dirty action, without more ado — the man was a dirty fellow, — and so on. — And as his comments had usually the ill fate to be terminated either in a *bon mot*, or to be enlivened throughout with some drollery or humour of expression, it gave wings to Yorick's indiscretion. In a word, though he never sought, yet, at the same time, as he seldom shunned occasions of saying what came uppermost, and without much ceremony, he had but too many temptations in life of scattering his wit and his humour, his gibes and his jests, about him. They were not lost for want of gathering.

What were the consequences, and what was Yorick's catastrophe thereupon, you will read in the next chapter.

. . . . .

The Mortgager and Mortgagee differ the one from the other, not more in length of purse than the Jester and Jestee do in that of memory. But in this the comparison between them runs, as the scholiasts call it, upon all-four (which, by the bye, is upon one or two legs more than some of the best of Homer's<sup>1</sup> can pretend to); namely, that the one raises a sum, and the other a laugh at your expense, and thinks no more about it. Interest, however, still runs on in both cases, the periodical or accidental payments of it just serving to keep the memory of the affair alive; till, at length, in some evil hour, pop comes the creditor upon each, and by demanding principal upon the spot, together

<sup>1</sup> i.e. Homer's similes, which are noted for being long and ornate.

with full interest to the very day, makes them both feel the full extent of their obligations.

As the reader (for I hate your *ifs*) has a thorough knowledge of human nature, I need not say more to satisfy him, that my Hero could not go on at this rate without some slight experience of these incidental mementos. To speak the truth, he had wantonly involved himself in a multitude of small book-debts of this stamp, which, notwithstanding Eugenius's<sup>1</sup> frequent advice, he too much disregarded; thinking, that as not one of them was contracted through any malignancy — but, on the contrary, from an honesty of mind, and a mere jocundity of humour — they would all of them be crossed out in course.

Eugenius would never admit this; and would often tell him that one day or other he would certainly be reckoned with; and he would often add, in an accent of sorrowful apprehension, to the uttermost mite. To which Yorick, with his usual carelessness of heart, would as often answer with a pshaw! — and if the subject was started in the fields — with a hop, skip, and a jump at the end of it; but if close pent up in the social chimney-corner, where the culprit was barricadoed in with a table and a couple of arm-chairs, and could not so readily fly off in a tangent, Eugenius would then go on with his lecture upon discretion in words to this purpose, though somewhat better put together.

“Trust me, dear Yorick, this unwary pleasantry of thine will sooner or later bring thee into scrapes and difficulties, which no after-wit can extricate thee out

<sup>1</sup> Yorick's friend; a portrait of John Hall Stevenson, a friend of Sterne himself.

of. In these sallies, too oft, I see, it happens that a person laughed at considers himself in the light of a person injured, with all the rights of such a situation belonging to him; and when thou viewest him in that light too, and reckonest up his friends, his family, his kindred and allies, and musterest up with them the many recruits which will list under him from a sense of common danger, 'tis no extravagant arithmetic to say that for every ten jokes thou hast got an hundred enemies; and till thou hast gone on, and raised a swarm of wasps about thine ears, and art half stung to death by them, thou wilt never be convinced it is so.

"I cannot suspect it in the man whom I esteem that there is the least spur from spleen or malevolence of intent in these sallies. I believe and know them to be truly honest and sportive: — But consider, my dear lad, that fools cannot distinguish this, and that knaves will not: and thou knowest not what it is, either to provoke the one, or to make merry with the other. Whenever they associate for mutual defence, depend upon it, they will carry on the war in such a manner against thee, my dear friend, as to make thee heartily sick of it, and of thy life too.

"Revenge from some baneful corner shall level a tale of dishonour at thee, which no innocence of heart or integrity of conduct shall set right. The fortunes of thy house shall totter — thy character, which led the way to them, shall bleed on every side of it — thy faith questioned — thy works belied — thy wit forgotten — thy learning trampled on. To wind up the last scene of thy tragedy, Cruelty and Cowardice, twin ruffians,

hired and set on by Malice in the dark, shall strike together at all thy infirmities and mistakes. The best of us, my dear lad, lie open there; and trust me, trust me, Yorick, when to gratify a private appetite, it is once resolved upon that an innocent and an helpless creature shall be sacrificed, 'tis an easy matter to pick up sticks enough from any thicket where it has strayed, to make a fire to offer it up with."

Yorick scarce ever heard this sad vaticination of his destiny read over to him, but with a tear stealing from his eye, and a promissory look attending it that he was resolved, for the time to come, to ride his tit<sup>1</sup> with more sobriety. But, alas, too late! — a grand confederacy, with \*\*\*\*\* and \*\*\*\*\* at the head of it, was formed before the first prediction of it. The whole plan of the attack, just as Eugenius had foreboded, was put in execution all at once, with so little mercy on the side of the allies, and so little suspicion in Yorick of what was carrying on against him that when he thought, good easy man! full surely preferment was a-ripening, they had smote his root, and then he fell, as many a worthy man had fallen before him.

Yorick, however, fought it out with all imaginable gallantry for some time; till, overpowered by numbers, and worn out at length by the calamities of the war — but more so, by the ungenerous manner in which it was carried on — he threw down the sword; and though he kept up his spirits in appearance to the last, he died, nevertheless, as was generally thought, quite broken-hearted.

<sup>1</sup> Horse; nag.



What inclined Eugenius to the same opinion was as follows:

A few hours before Yorick breathed his last, Eugenius stepped in with an intent to take his last sight and last farewell of him. Upon his drawing Yorick's curtain, and asking how he felt himself, Yorick looking up in his face took hold of his hand, and after thanking him for the many tokens of his friendship to him, for which, he said, if it was their fate to meet hereafter he would thank him again and again, he told him, he was within a few hours of giving his enemies the slip for ever. "I hope not," answered Eugenius, with tears trickling down his cheeks, and with the tenderest tone that ever man spoke; "I hope not, Yorick," said he. Yorick replied with a look up, and a gentle squeeze of Eugenius's hand, and that was all—but it cut Eugenius to his heart. — "Come, come, Yorick," quoth Eugenius, wiping his eyes, and summoning up the man within him; "my dear lad, be comforted; let not all thy spirits and fortitude forsake thee at this crisis when thou most want'st them; who knows what resources are in store, and what the power of God may yet do for thee?" Yorick laid his hand upon his heart, and gently shook his head. "For my part," continued Eugenius, crying bitterly as he uttered the words, "I declare I know not, Yorick, how to part with thee, and would gladly flatter my hopes," added Eugenius, cheering up his voice, "that there is still enough left of thee to make a bishop, and that I may live to see it." "I beseech thee, Eugenius," quoth Yorick, taking off his night-cap as well as he could with his left hand — his right being still grasped

close in that of Eugenius — “I beseech thee to take a view of my head.” “I see nothing that ails it,” replied Eugenius. “Then, alas! my friend,” said Yorick, “let me tell you that ’tis so bruised and mis-shapened with the blows which \*\*\*\*\* and \*\*\*\*\* and some others have so unhandsomely given me in the dark, that I might say with Sancho Panza that should I recover, and ‘Mitres thereupon be suffered to rain down from heaven as thick as hail, not one of them would fit it.’” Yorick’s last breath was hanging upon his trembling lips ready to depart as he uttered this, yet still it was uttered with something of a Cervantic<sup>1</sup> tone; and as he spoke it, Eugenius could perceive a stream of lambent fire lighted up for a moment in his eyes, faint picture of those flashes of his spirit, which (as Shakespeare said of his ancestor) were wont to set the table in a roar.

Eugenius was convinced from this that the heart of his friend was broke: he squeezed his hand, and then walked softly out of the room, weeping as he walked. Yorick followed Eugenius with his eyes to the door — he then closed them — and never opened them more.

He lies buried in the corner of his churchyard, in the parish of —, under a plain marble slab, which his friend Eugenius, by leave of his executors, laid upon his grave, with no more than these three words of inscription, serving both for his epitaph and elegy,

Alas, poor YORICK!

<sup>1</sup> Cervantes was the author of *Don Quixote*. Sancho Panza, mentioned above, was Don Quixote’s squire.

Ten times a day has Yorick's ghost the consolation to hear his monumental inscription read over with such a variety of plaintive tones, as denote a general pity and esteem for him — a foot-way crossing the churchyard close by the side of his grave — not a passenger goes by without stopping to cast a look upon it — and sighing as he walks on,

Alas, poor YORICK!

## UNCLE TOBY

The real hero of the story is Captain Shandy, better known as "Uncle Toby". Captain Shandy was wounded at the siege of Namur (1695), and was obliged to retire from the service. He is the soul of kindness, modesty, and generosity, and quite merits the tribute paid to him by Hazlitt when he wrote "My Uncle Toby is one of the finest compliments ever paid to human nature". His "hobby" is the study of the science of attacking fortified towns, which he pursues by means of miniature earthworks and model fortifications on his bowling green. How he was joined in this game by his equally lovable servant, Corporal Trim, will be seen in this extract.

When a man gives himself up to the government of a ruling passion — or, in other words, when his Hobby-Horse grows headstrong — farewell cool reason and fair discretion!

My uncle Toby's wound was near well, and as soon as the surgeon recovered his surprise, and could get leave to say as much, he told him, 'twas just beginning

to incarnate;<sup>1</sup> and that if no fresh exfoliation happened, which there was no sign of, it would be dried up in five or six weeks. The sound of as many Olympiads,<sup>2</sup> twelve hours before, would have conveyed an idea of shorter duration to my uncle Toby's mind. The succession of his ideas was now rapid; he broiled with impatience to put his design in execution; and so, without consulting farther with any soul living — which, by the bye, I think is right, when you are predetermined to take no one soul's advice — he privately ordered Trim, his man, to pack up a bundle of lint and dressings, and hire a chariot-and-four to be at the door exactly by twelve o'clock that day, when he knew my father would be upon 'Change. So leaving a bank-note upon the table for the surgeon's care of him, and a letter of tender thanks for his brother's, he packed up his maps, his books of fortification, his instruments, &c., and by the help of a crutch on one side, and Tim on the other, my uncle Toby embarked for Shandy Hall.

The reason, or rather the rise of this sudden demi-gration was as follows:

The table in my uncle Toby's room, and at which, the night before this change happened, he was sitting with his maps, &c., about him, being somewhat of the smallest, for that infinity of great and small instruments of knowledge which usually lay crowded upon it, he had the accident, in reaching over for his tobacco-box, to throw down his compasses, and in stooping to take

<sup>1</sup> Heal.

<sup>2</sup> An Olympiad was "a period of four years reckoned from one celebration of the Olympic games to the next".

the compasses up, with his sleeve he threw down his case of instruments and snuffers; and as the dice took a run against him, in his endeavouring to catch the snuffers in falling, he thrust Monsieur Blondel off the table, and Count de Pagan<sup>1</sup> o' top of him.

'Twas to no purpose for a man, lame as my uncle Toby was, to think of redressing these evils by himself; he rung his bell for his man Trim. "Trim," quoth my uncle Toby, "prithee see what confusion I have here been making — I must have some better contrivance, Trim. Can'st not thou take my rule, and measure the length and breadth of this table, and then go and bespeak me one as big again?" "Yes, an please your Honour," replied Trim, making a bow; "but I hope your Honour will be soon well enough to get down to your country-seat, where — as your Honour takes so much pleasure in fortification — we could manage this matter to a T."

I must here inform you that this servant of my uncle Toby's, who went by the name of Trim, had been a corporal in my uncle's own company — his real name was James Butler — but having got the nickname of Trim in the regiment, my uncle Toby, unless when he happened to be very angry with him, would never call him by any other name.

The poor fellow had been disabled for the service by a wound on his left knee by a musket-bullet, at the battle of Landen,<sup>2</sup> which was two years before the affair

<sup>1</sup> Uncle Toby, in the pursuit of his favourite study, had bought every book on military architecture that he could lay his hands on.

<sup>2</sup> 1693.

of Namur; and as the fellow was well-beloved in the regiment, and a handy fellow into the bargain, my uncle Toby took him for his servant; and of an excellent use was he, attending my uncle Toby in the camp and in his quarters as a valet, groom, barber, cook, sempster, and nurse; and indeed, from first to last, waited upon him and served him with great fidelity and affection.

My uncle Toby loved the man in return, and what attached him more to him still, was the similitude of their knowledge. For Corporal Trim (for so, for the future, I shall call him), by four years' occasional attention to his Master's discourse upon fortified towns, and the advantage of prying and peeping continually into his Master's plans, &c., exclusive, and besides what he gained Hobby-Horsically, as a body-servant, had become no mean proficient in the science; and was thought by the cook and chamber-maid to know as much of the nature of strongholds as my uncle Toby himself.

I have but one more stroke to give to finish Corporal Trim's character, and it is the only dark line in it. The fellow loved to advise, or rather to hear himself talk; his carriage, however, was so perfectly respectful 'twas easy to keep him silent when you had him so; but set his tongue a-going, — you had no hold of him. He was voluble, the eternal interlardings of "your Honour", with the respectfulness of Corporal Trim's manner, interceding so strong in behalf of his elocution that though you might have been incommoded, you could not well be angry. My uncle Toby was seldom either the one or the other with him — or, at least, this fault,

in Trim, broke no squares with them. My uncle Toby, as I said, loved the man; and besides, as he ever looked upon a faithful servant but as an humble friend, he could not bear to stop his mouth. Such was Corporal Trim.

"If I durst presume," continued Trim, "to give your Honour my advice and speak my opinion in this matter." "Thou art welcome, Trim," quoth my uncle Toby. "Speak, speak what thou thinkest upon the subject, man, without fear." "Why then," replied Trim, not hanging his ears and scratching his head like a country lout, but stroking his hair back from his forehead, and standing erect as before his division, "I think," quoth Trim, advancing his left, which was his lame leg, a little forwards, and pointing with his right hand open towards a map of Dunkirk, which was pinned against the hangings, "I think," quoth Corporal Trim, "with humble submission to your Honour's better judgment, that these ravelins, bastions, curtins, and hornworks<sup>1</sup> make but a poor, contemptible, fiddle-faddle piece of work of it here upon paper, compared to what your Honour and I could make of it were we in the country by ourselves, and had but a rood, or a rood and a half of ground to do what we pleased with. As summer is coming on," continued Trim, "your Honour might sit out of doors, and give me the nography" ("Call it ichnography,"<sup>2</sup> quoth my uncle) "of the town or citadel, your Honour

<sup>1</sup> *Ravelins*, outworks; *bastions*, projecting parts of earthworks; *curtins*, parts of the wall which connect gates or towers; *hornworks*, special outworks consisting of demi-bastions.

<sup>2</sup> The drawing of ground-plans.

was pleased to sit down before, and I will be shot by your Honour upon the glacis<sup>1</sup> of it, if I did not fortify it to your Honour's mind." "I dare say thou would'st, Trim," quoth my uncle. "For if your Honour," continued the Corporal, "could but mark me the polygon, with its exact lines and angles—" ("That I could do very well," quoth my uncle)—"I would begin with the fossé, and if your Honour could tell me the proper depth and breadth—" ("I can to a hair's-breadth, Trim," replied my uncle)—"I would throw out the earth upon this hand towards the town for the scarp, and on that hand towards the campaign for the counterscarp." "Very right, Trim," quoth my uncle Toby. "And when I had sloped them to your mind, an please your Honour, I would face the glacis, as the finest fortifications are done in Flanders, with sods, and as your Honour knows they should be, and I would make the walls and parapets with sods too." "The best engineers call them gazons,<sup>2</sup> Trim," said my uncle Toby. "Whether they are gazons or sods, is not much matter," replied Trim; "your Honour knows they are ten times beyond a facing either of brick or stone." "I know they are, Trim, in some respects," quoth my uncle Toby, nodding his head, "for a cannon-ball enters into the gazon right onwards, without bringing any rubbish down with it, which might fill the fossé and facilitate the passage over it." "Your Honour understands these matters," replied Corporal Trim, "better than any officers in his Majesty's service; but would your Honour please to let the bespeaking of the table alone, and let us but go into the country,

<sup>1</sup> Slope.<sup>2</sup> Pieces of turf used to line parapets in fortifications.



I would work under your Honour's directions like a horse, and make fortifications for you with all their batteries, saps, ditches, and palisadoes, that it should be worth all the world's riding twenty miles to go and see it."

My uncle Toby blushed as red as scarlet as Trim went on; but it was not a blush of guilt, of modesty, or of anger; it was a blush of joy; he was fired with Corporal Trim's project and description. "Trim!" said my uncle Toby, "thou hast said enough." "We might begin the campaign," continued Trim, "on the very day that his Majesty<sup>1</sup> and the Allies take the field, and demolish them town by town as fast as—". "Trim," quoth my uncle Toby, "say no more." "Your Honour," continued Trim, "might sit in your arm-chair (pointing to it) this fine weather, giving me your orders, and I would—". "Say no more, Trim," quoth my uncle Toby. "Besides, your Honour would get not only pleasure and good pastime, but good air, and good exercise, and good health, and your Honour's wound would be well in a month." "Thou hast said enough, Trim," quoth my uncle Toby (putting his hand into his breeches-pocket); "I like thy project mightily." "And if your Honour pleases, I'll this moment go and buy a pioneer's spade to take down with us, and I'll bespeak a shovel and a pick-axe, and a couple of—". "Say no more, Trim," quoth my uncle Toby, leaping up upon one leg, quite overcome with rapture, and thrusting a guinea into Trim's hand. "Trim," said my uncle Toby, "say no more, but go down, Trim,

<sup>1</sup> William III.

this moment, my lad, and bring up my supper this instant."

Trim ran down and brought up his master's supper — to no purpose. Trim's plan of operation ran so in my uncle Toby's head he could not taste it. "Trim," quoth my uncle Toby, "get me to bed." 'Twas all one. Corporal Trim's description had fired his imagination, — my uncle Toby could not shut his eyes. The more he considered it, the more bewitching the scene appeared to him; so that, two full hours before daylight, he had come to a final determination, and had concerted the whole plan of his and Corporal Trim's decampment.

My uncle Toby had a little neat country-house of his own in the village where my father's estate lay at Shandy, which had been left him by an old uncle, with a small estate of about one hundred pounds a-year. Behind this house, and contiguous to it, was a kitchen-garden of about half an acre; and at the bottom of the garden, and cut off from it by a tall yew hedge, was a bowling-green, containing just about as much ground as Corporal Trim wished for; so that as Trim uttered the words, "A rood and a half of ground to do what they would with," this identical bowling-green instantly presented itself, and became curiously painted all at once, upon the retina of my uncle Toby's fancy; which was the physical cause of making him change colour, or at least of heightening his blush, to that immoderate degree I spoke of.

Never did lover post down to a beloved mistress with more expectation than my uncle Toby did, to enjoy this self-same thing in private. I say in private; for it

was sheltered from the house, as I told you, by a tall yew hedge, and was covered on the other three sides, from mortal sight, by rough holly and thick-set flowering shrubs; so that the idea of not being seen did not a little contribute to the idea of pleasure preconceived in my uncle Toby's mind. Vain thought! however thick it was planted about — or private soever it might seem — to think, dear uncle Toby, of enjoying a thing which took up a whole rood and a half of ground, and not have it known!

How my uncle Toby and Corporal Trim managed this matter — with the history of their campaigns, which were no way barren of events — may make no uninteresting under-plot in the epitasis<sup>1</sup> and working-up of this drama. At present the scene must drop, and change for the parlour fireside.

<sup>1</sup> Main action.

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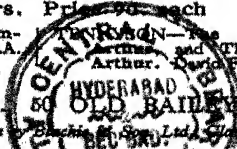
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